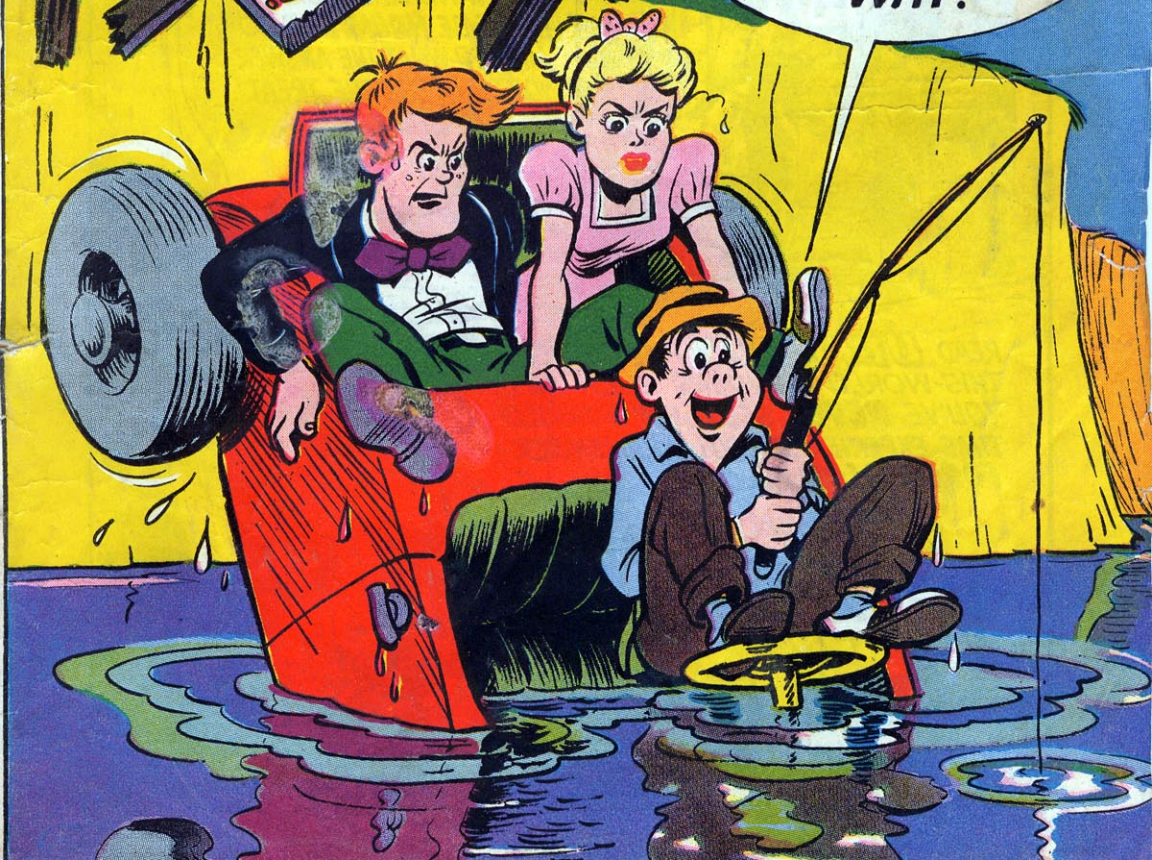


*The*

# KILROYS

**DANGER***America's Funniest Family!***10¢****BRIDGE  
OUT!!****STOP!**

OH, WELL...  
WE WERE GOING  
FISHING ANY-  
WAY!







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM

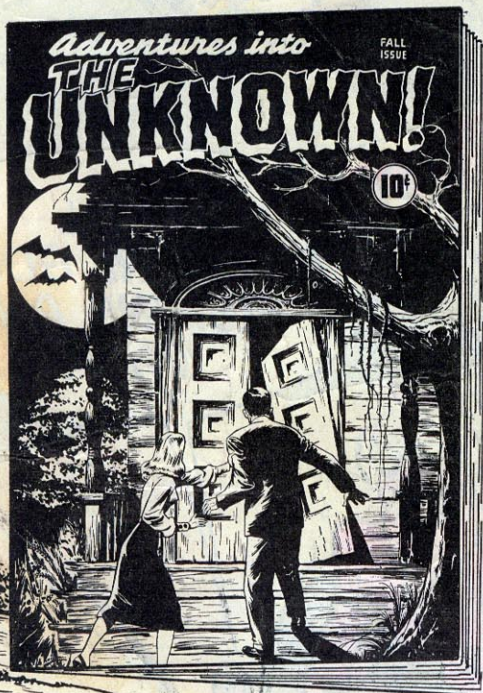


**NEW... CREEPY... CHILLINGLY DIFFERENT!**

*"adventures into  
THE*

# **UNKNOWN!"**

**...THAT JUST-OFF-THE-PRESS COMICS  
MAGAZINE THAT'S GOT THE COUNTRY  
CAPTIVATED!**



**FOR THE FIRST TIME... A  
MAGAZINE ABOUT GHOSTS!  
A MAGAZINE THAT'S CRAMMED  
COVER TO COVER WITH  
STRANGE STORIES OF...**

## **THE UNKNOWN!**

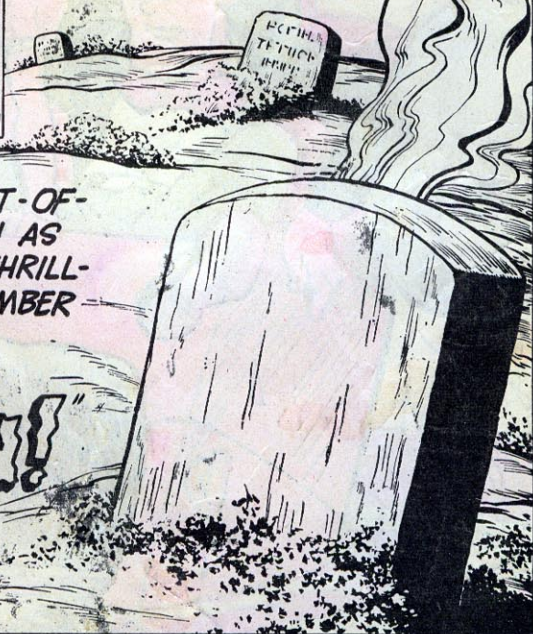
**DO WEREWOLVES EXIST?  
DO SPIRITS WALK? CAN A  
HOUSE BE HAUNTED? NO  
MATTER WHAT THE ANSWER  
YOU'RE IN FOR THE TREAT  
OF A LIFETIME!**

**READ THE  
UNKNOWN! FOR OUT-OF-  
THIS-WORLD WONDERS SUCH AS  
YOU'VE NEVER SEEN...FOR A THRILL-  
TIME EXPERIENCE YOU'LL REMEMBER  
FOREVER! IT'S ALL IN...**

*"adventures into  
THE*

# **UNKNOWN!"**

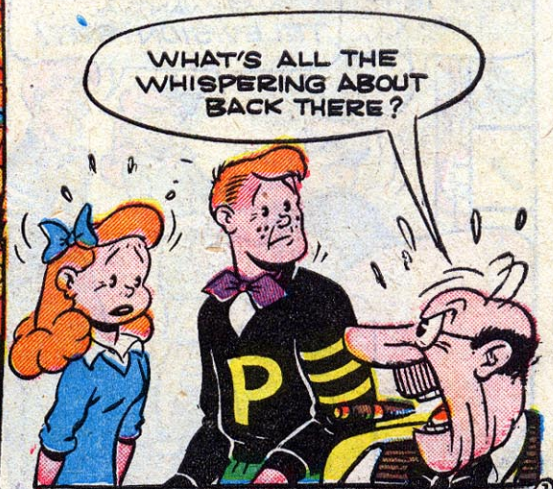
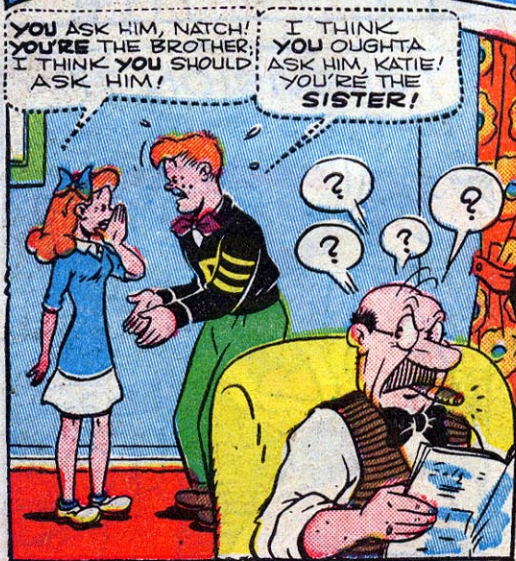
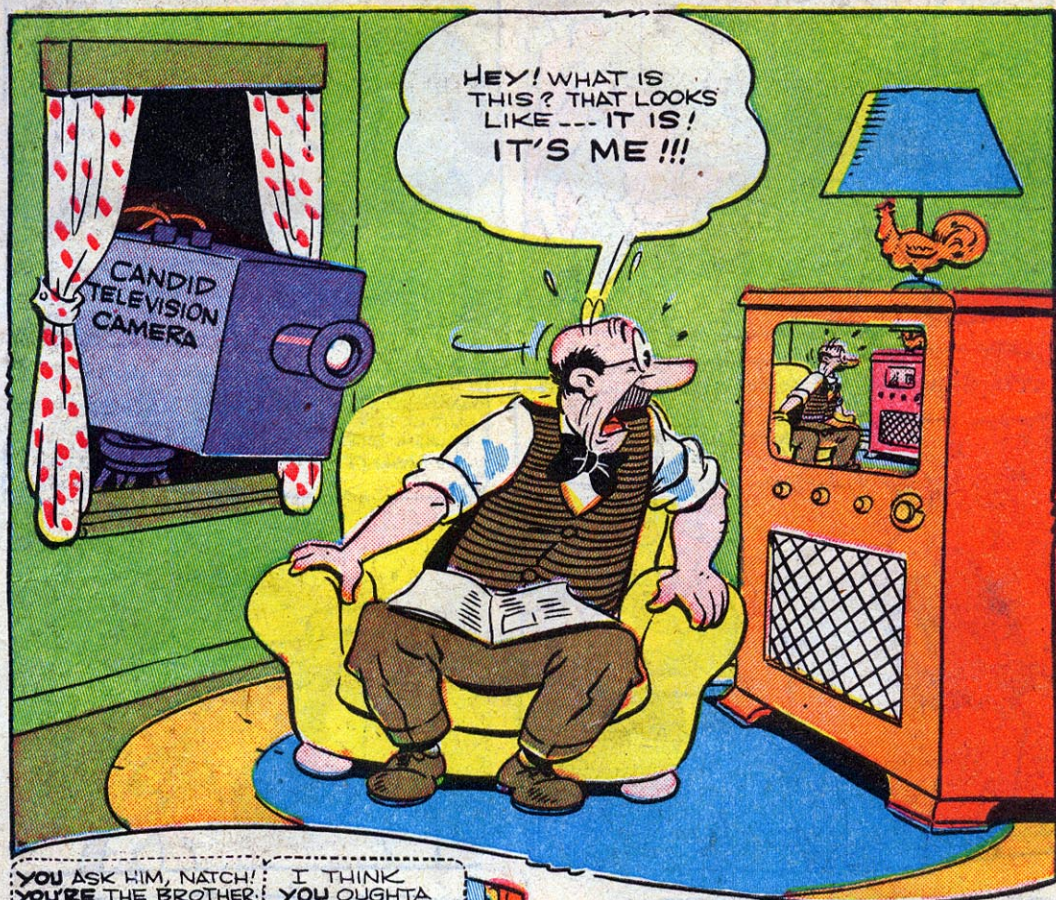
**10¢ ON ALL  
STANDS**



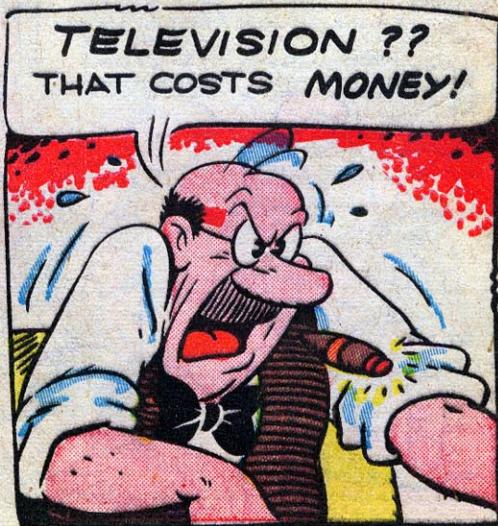
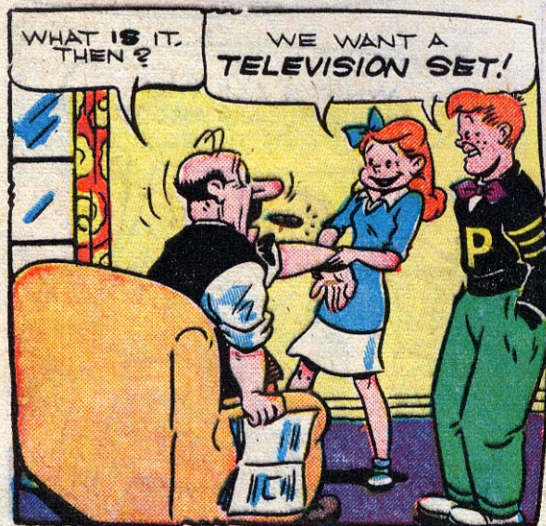
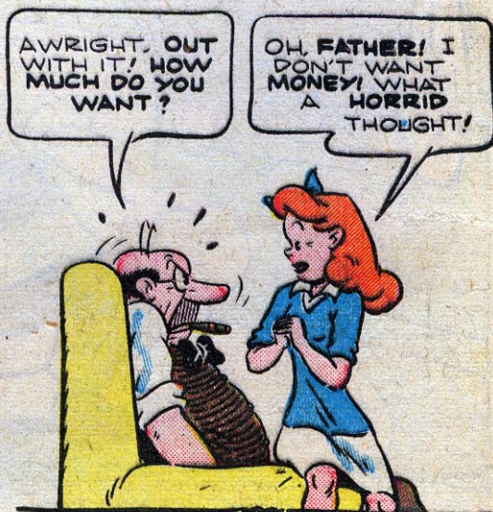
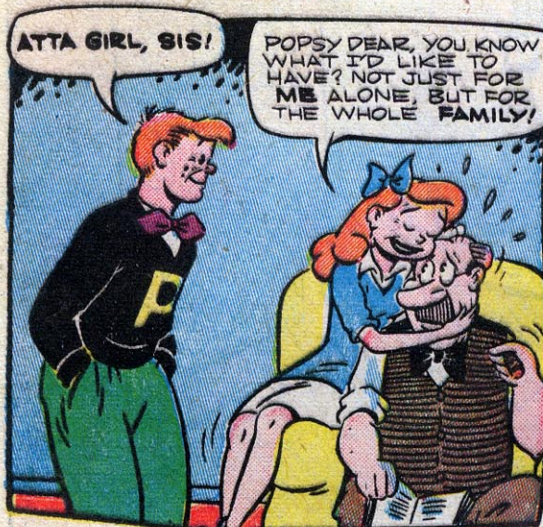
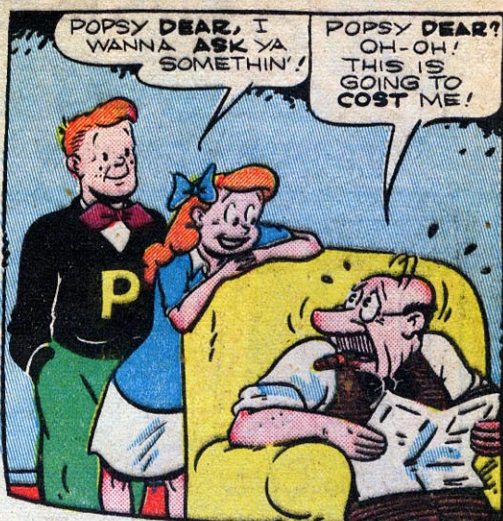
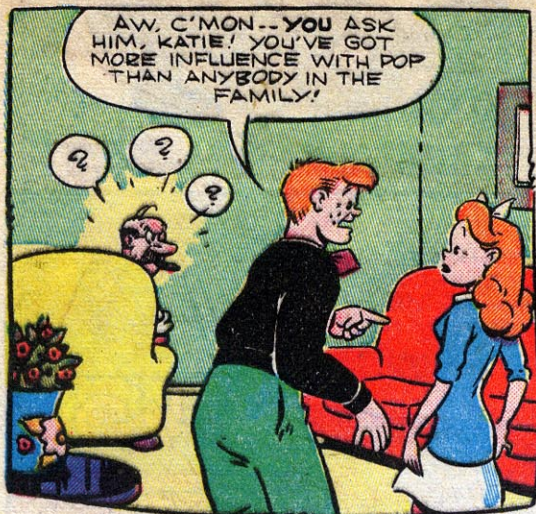


# The KILROYS

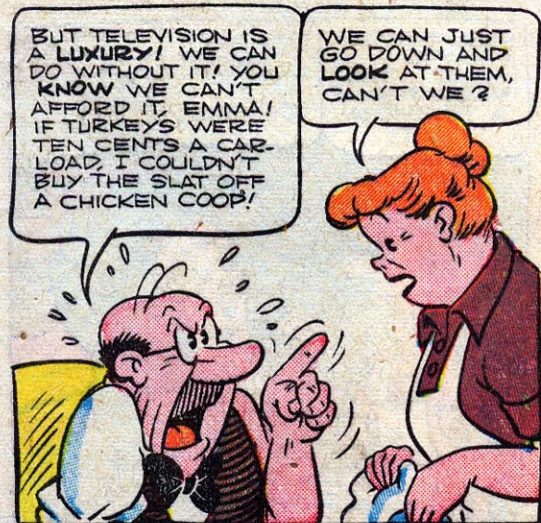
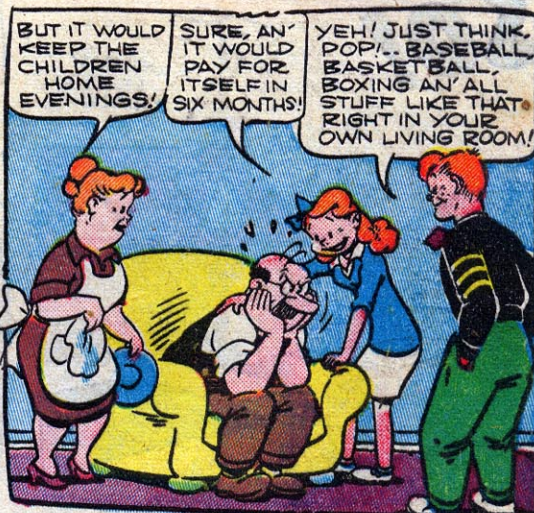
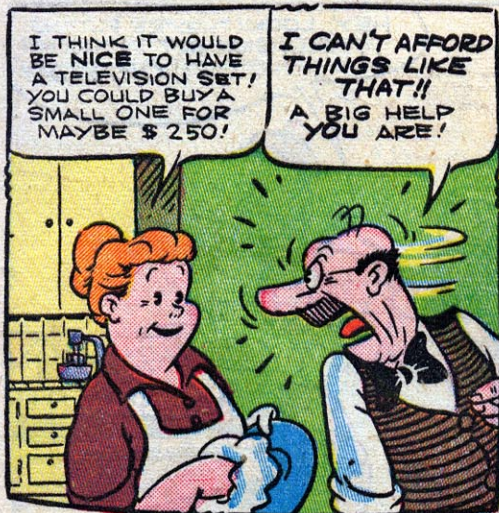
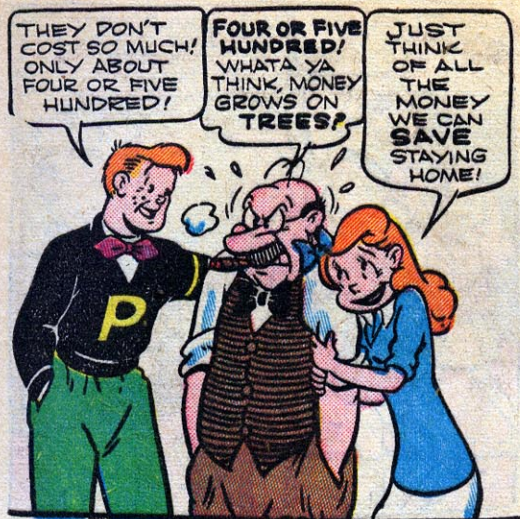
"THAT NEW TELEVISION SET"



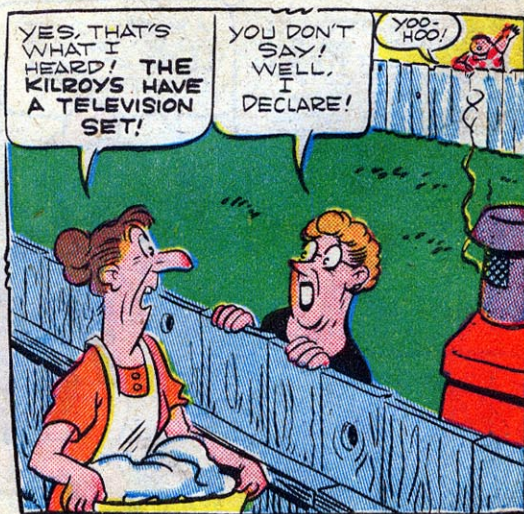
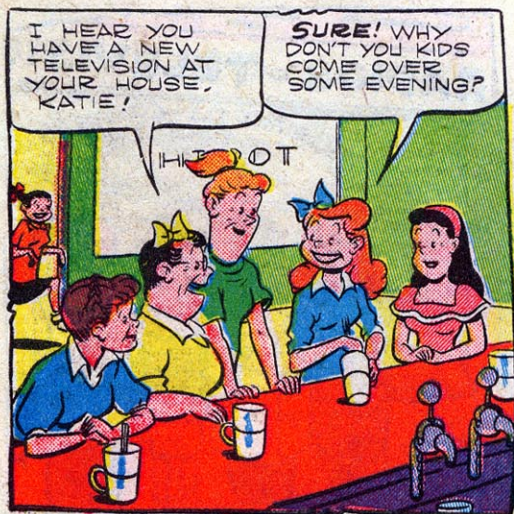
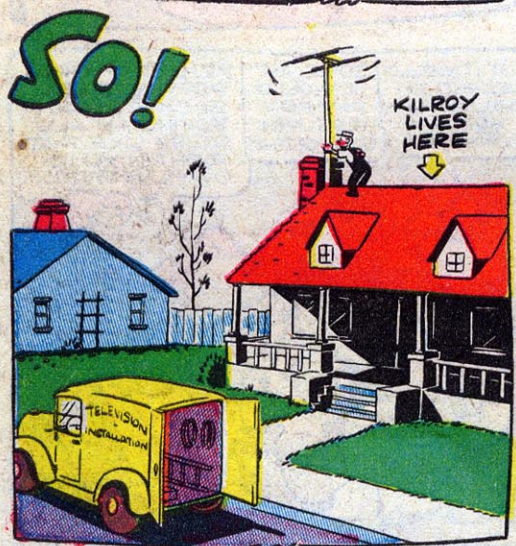
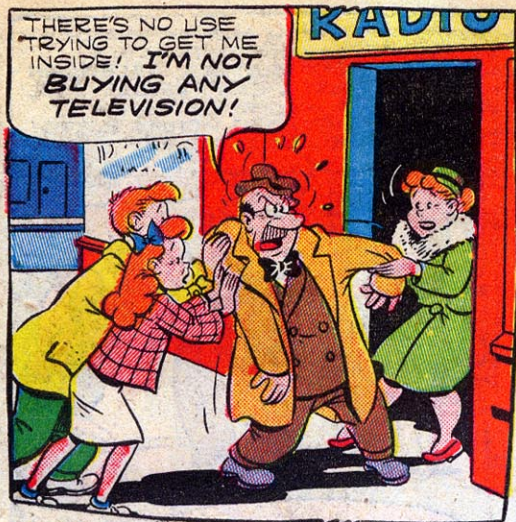




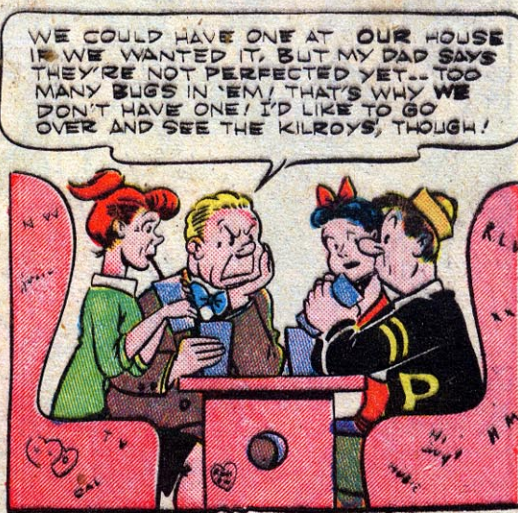
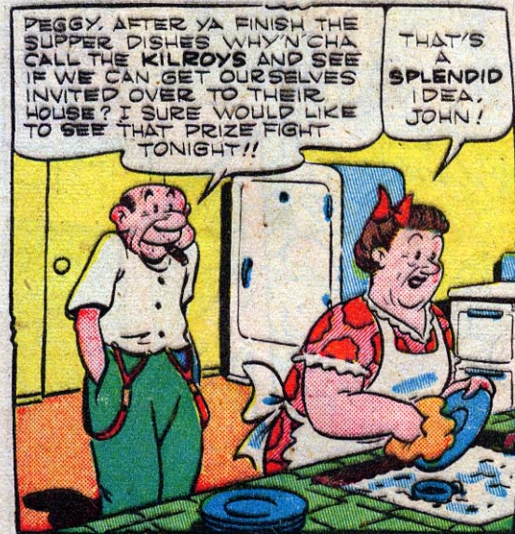
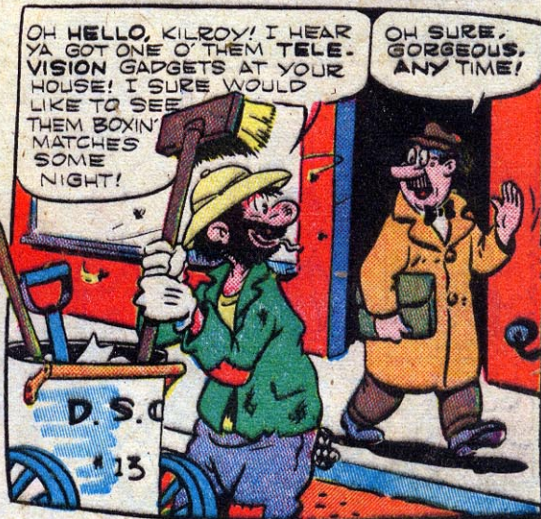
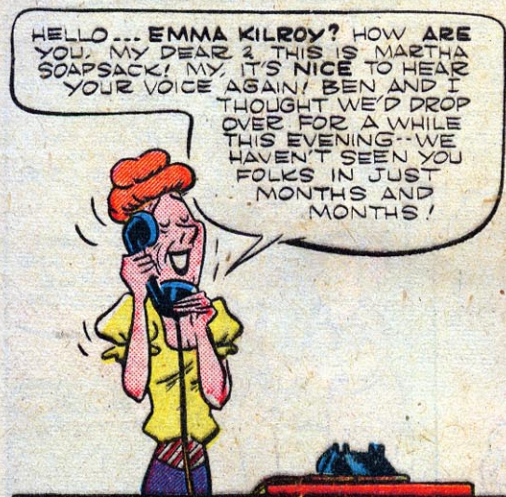
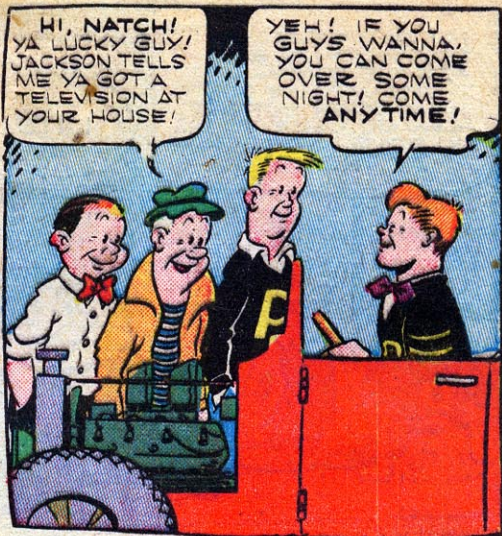
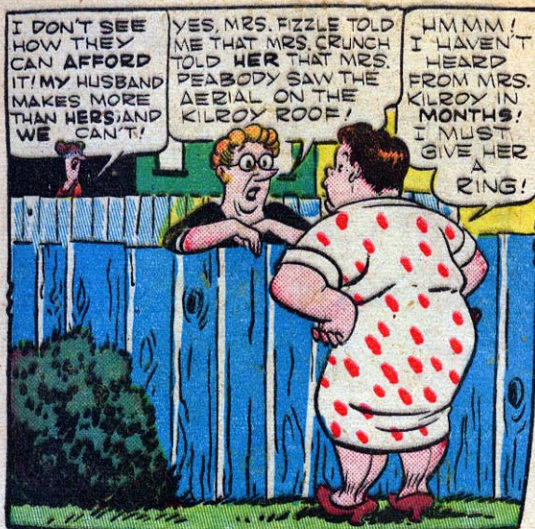




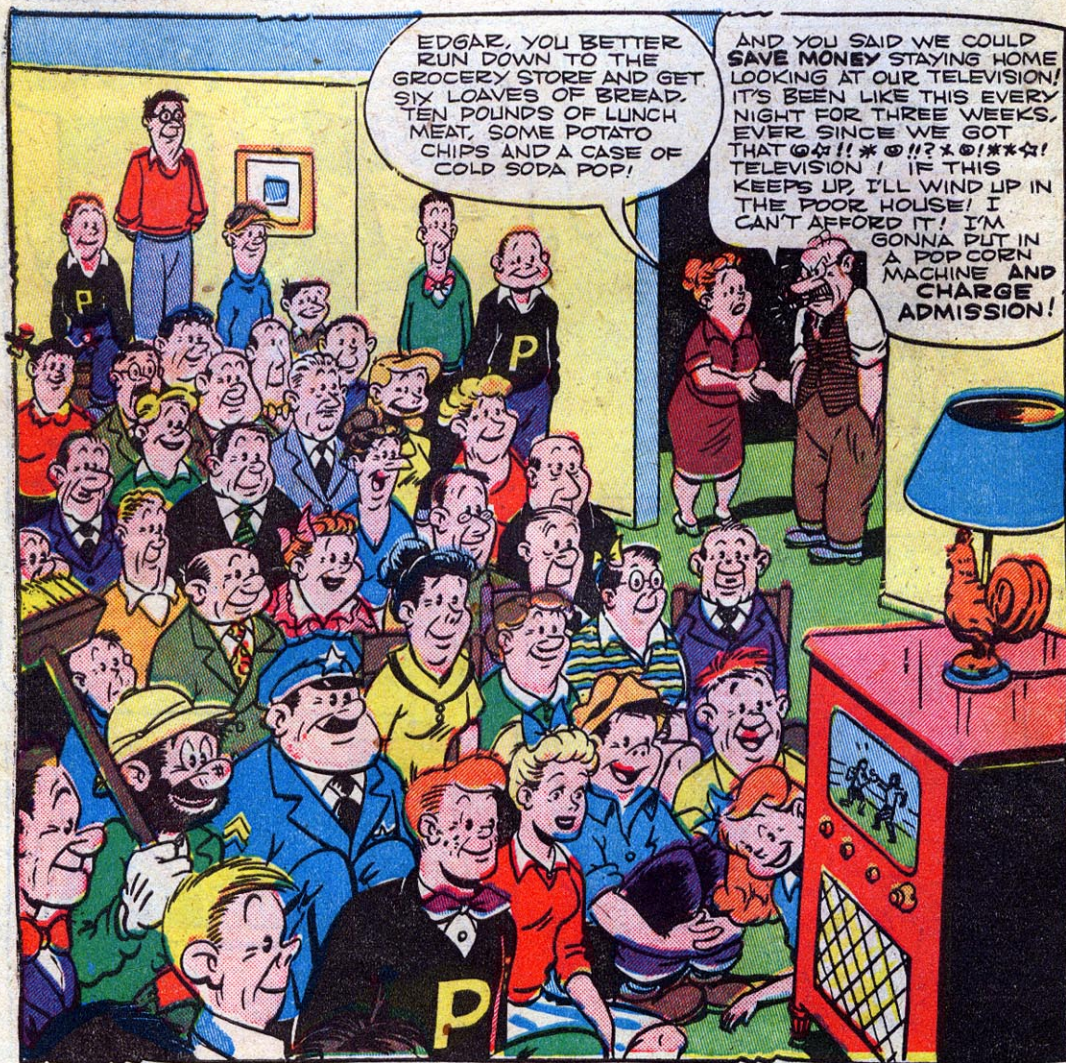
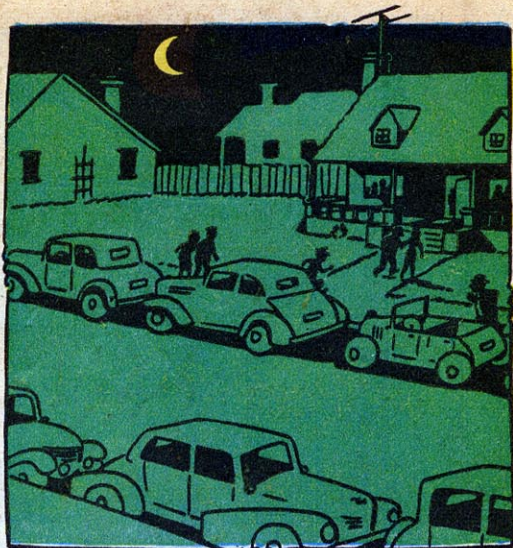
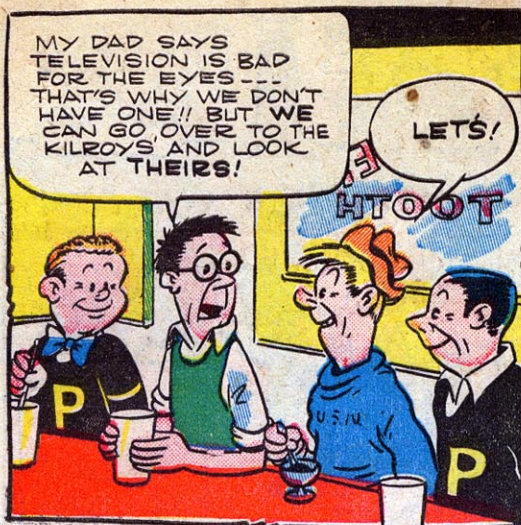








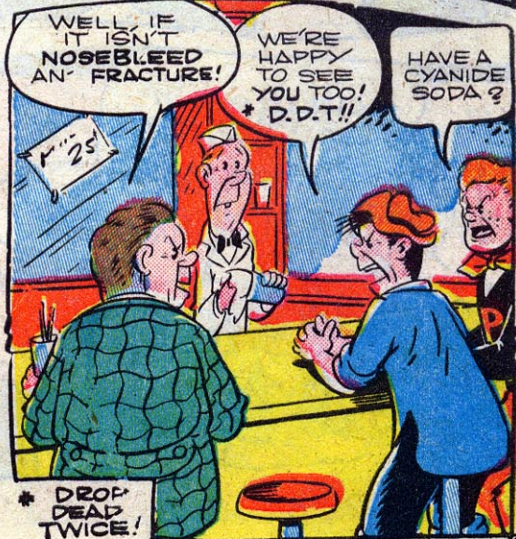
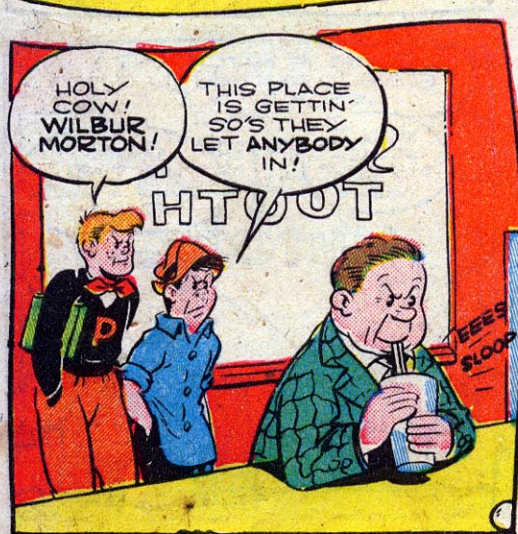
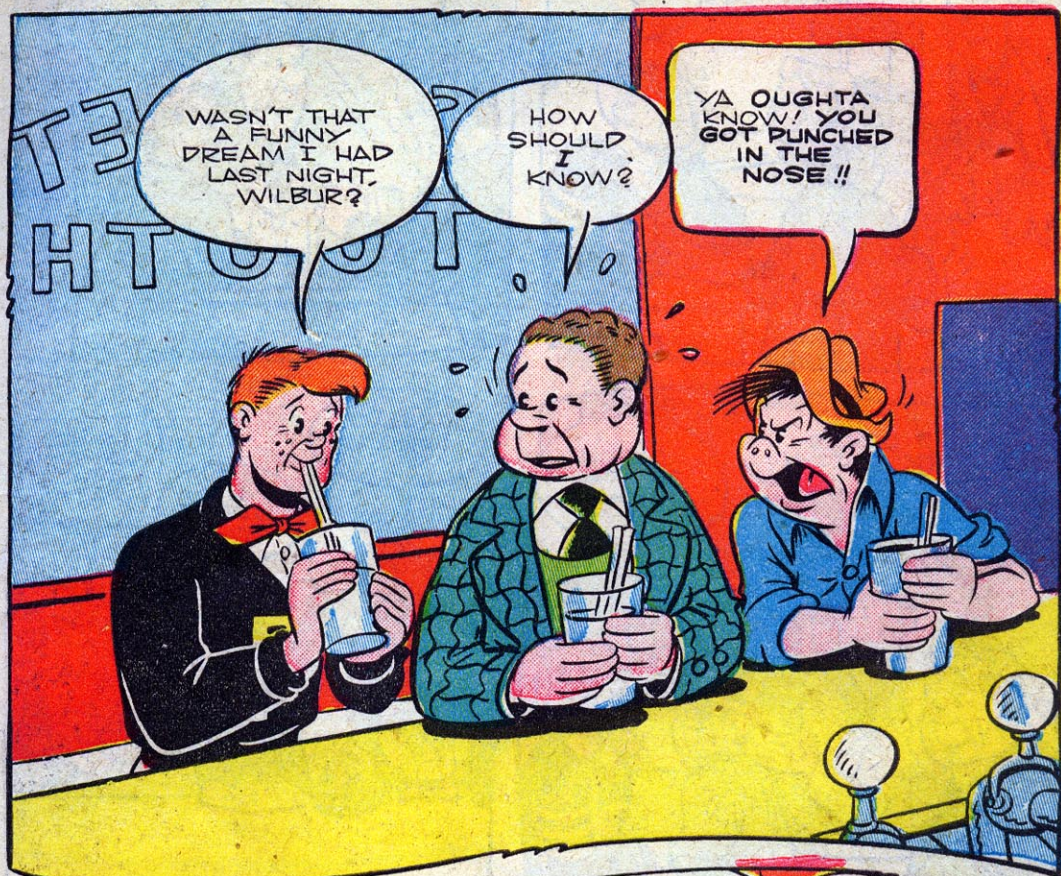




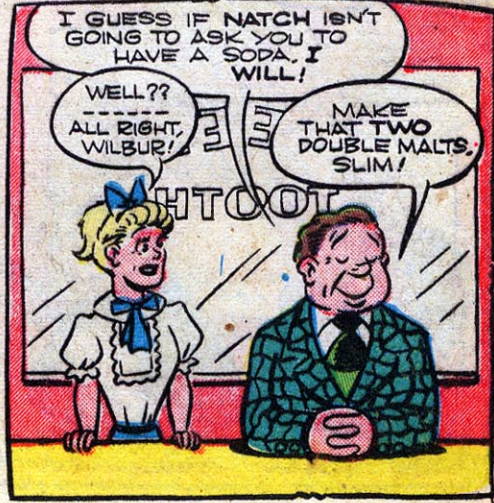
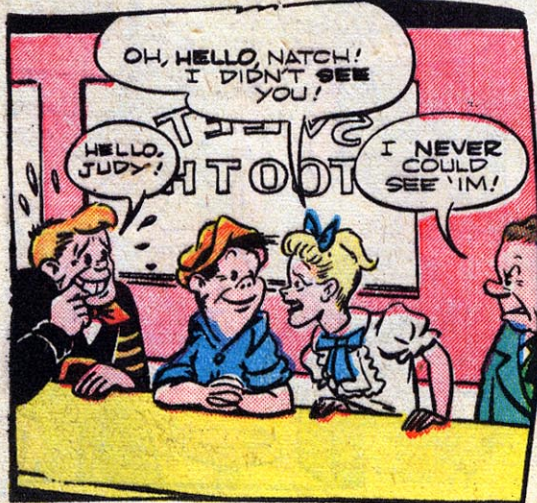
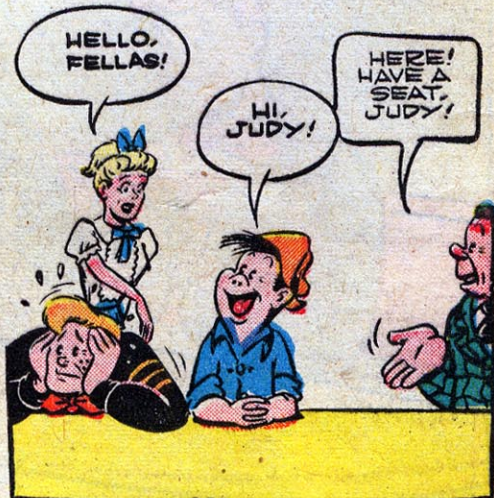
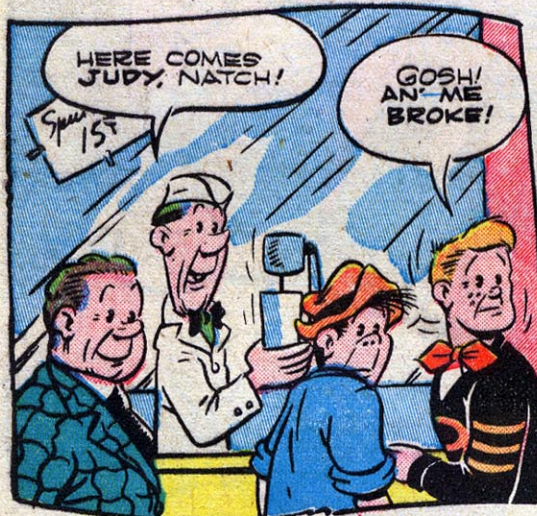
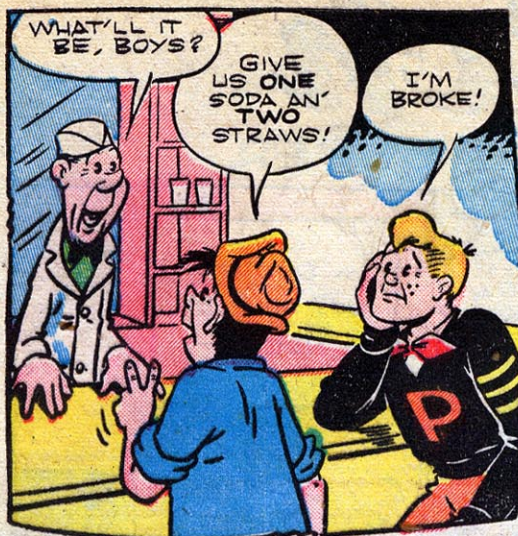


# Natch

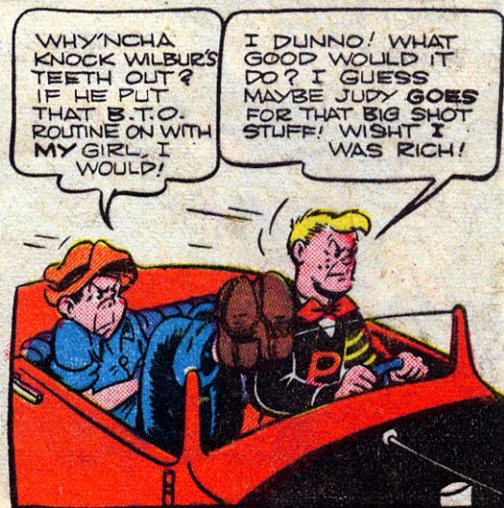
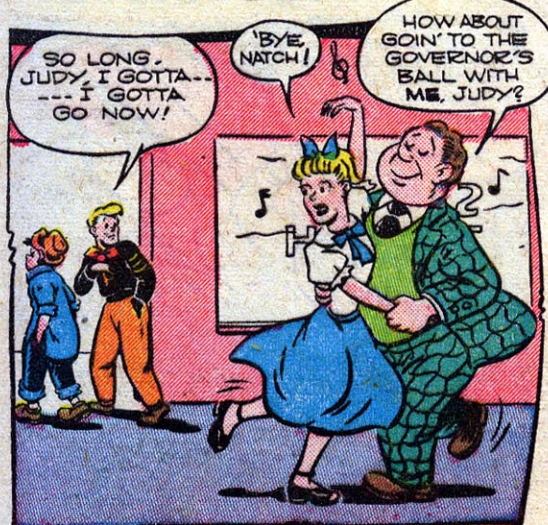
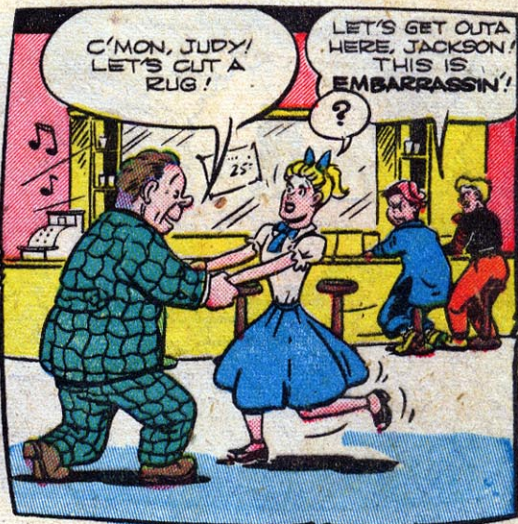
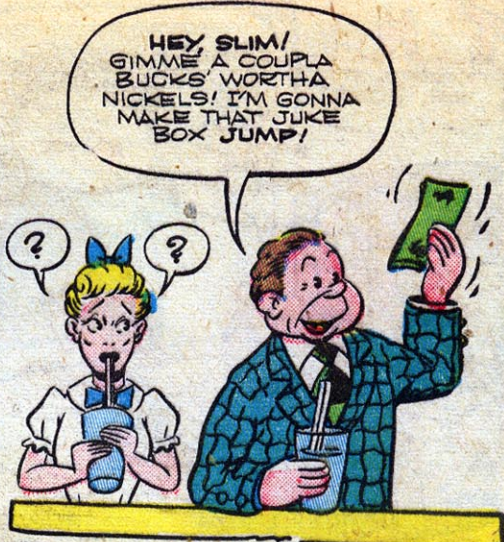
"SOMETHING <sup>in</sup> SUPER





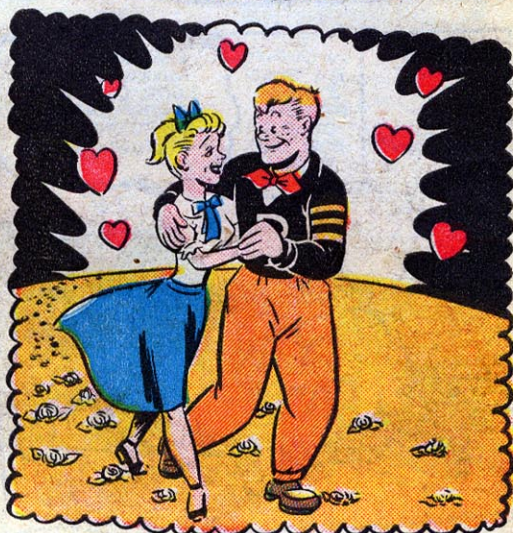
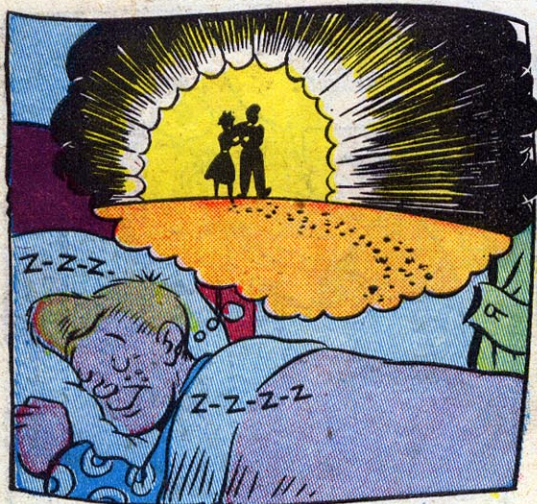
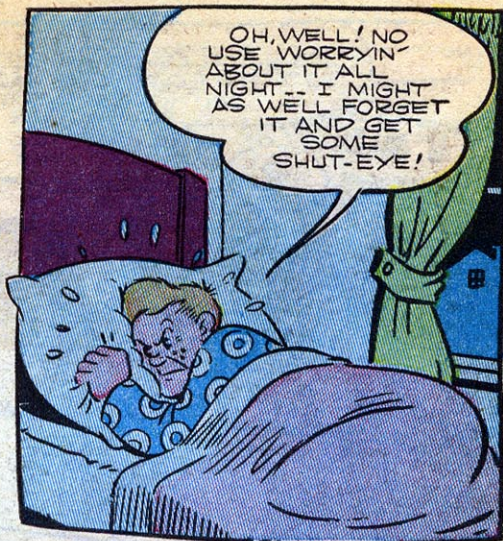
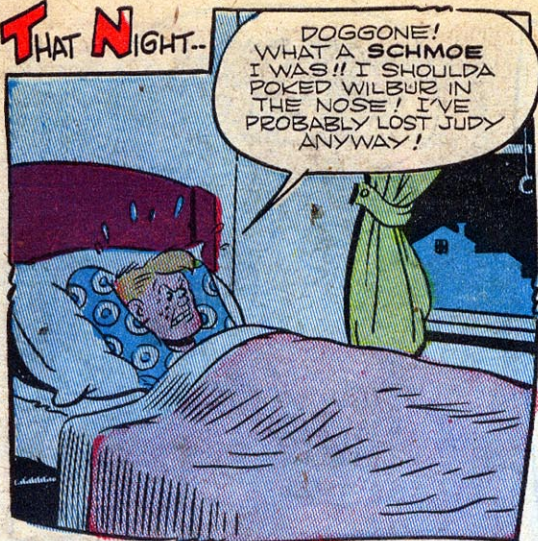




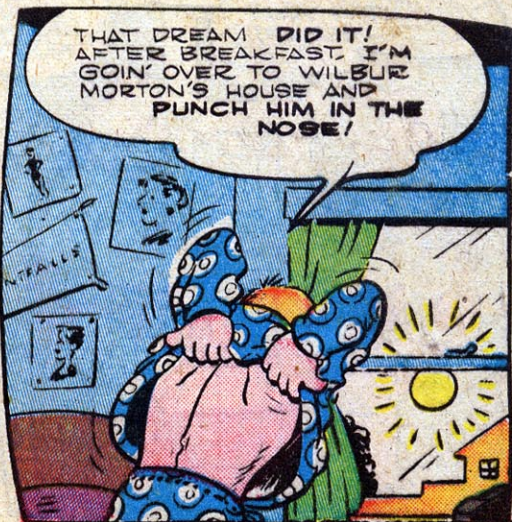
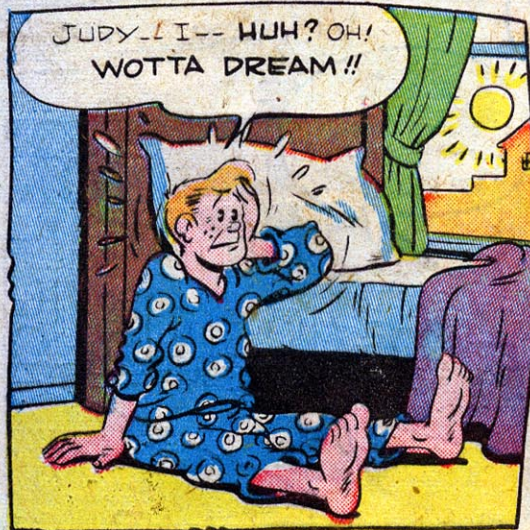
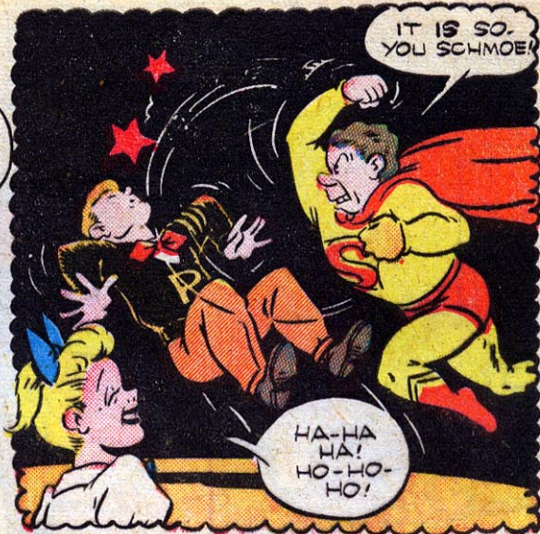
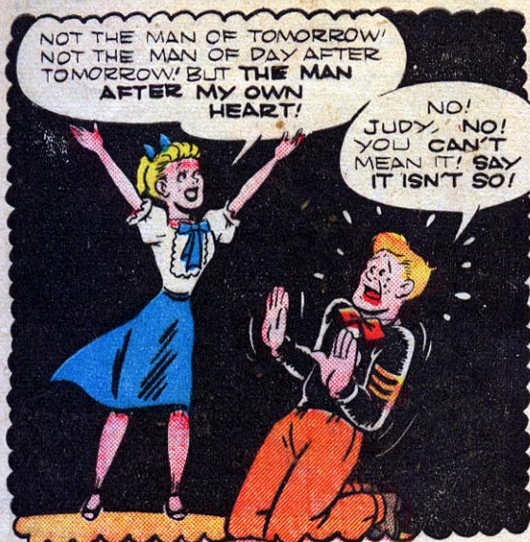




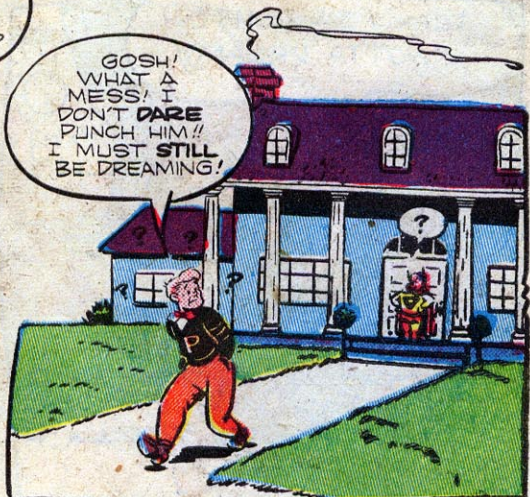
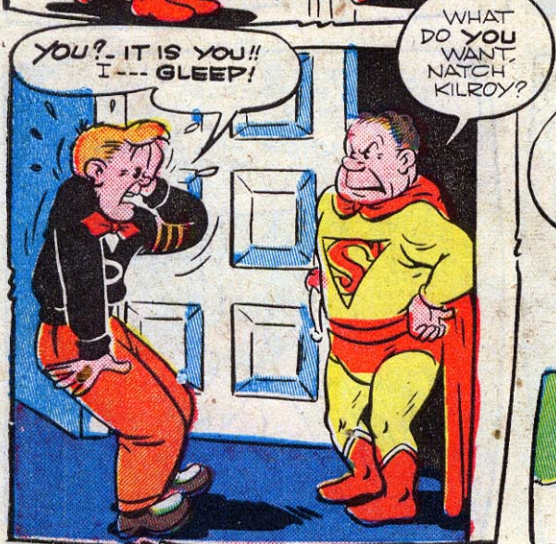
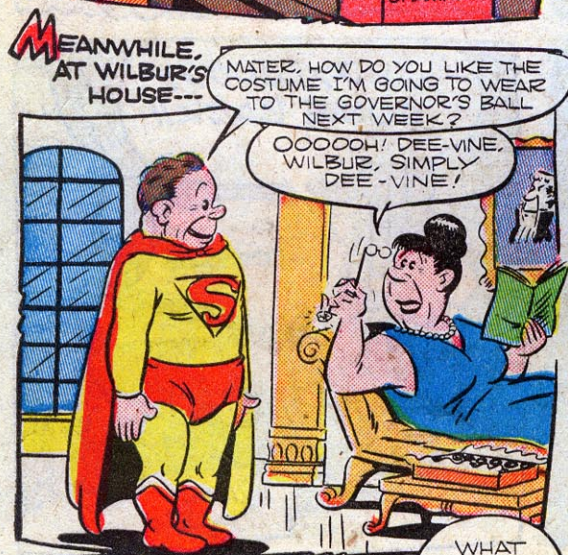
**THAT NIGHT--**



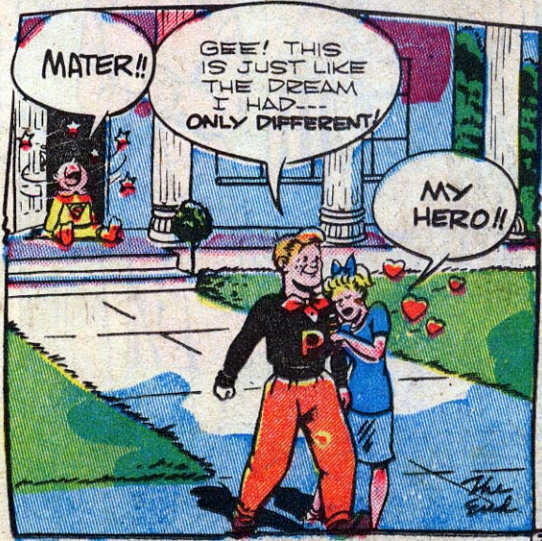
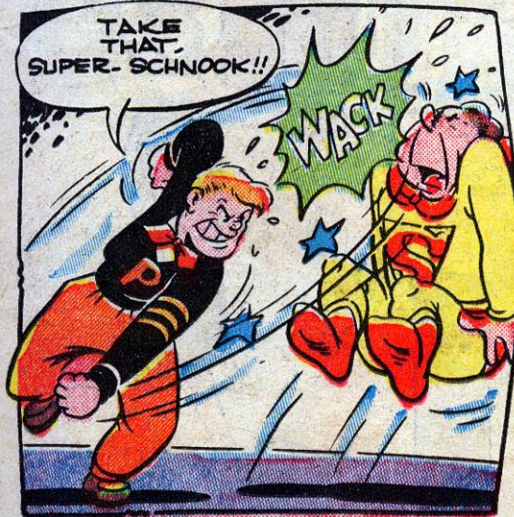
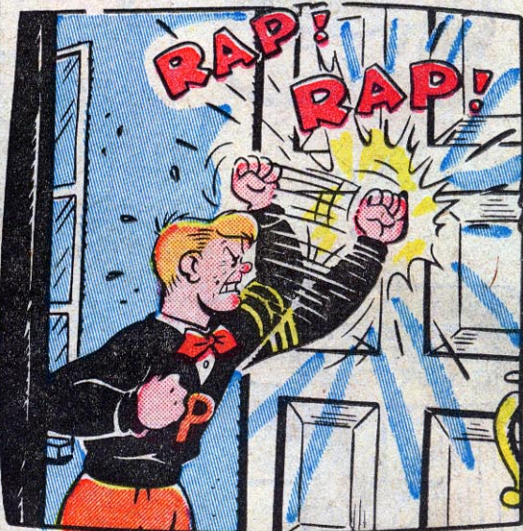
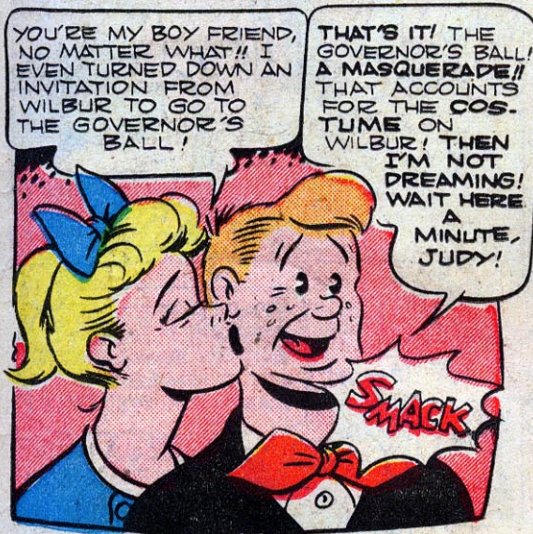
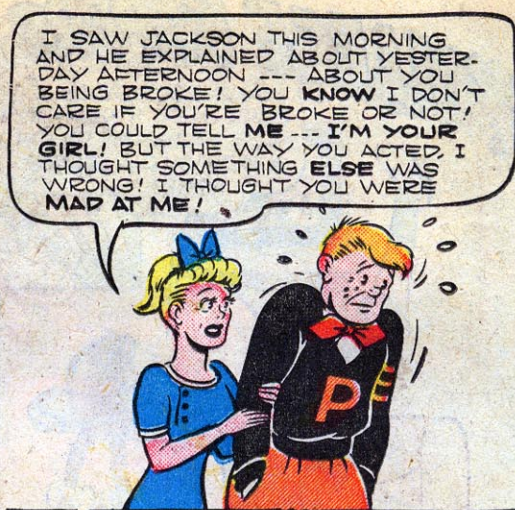
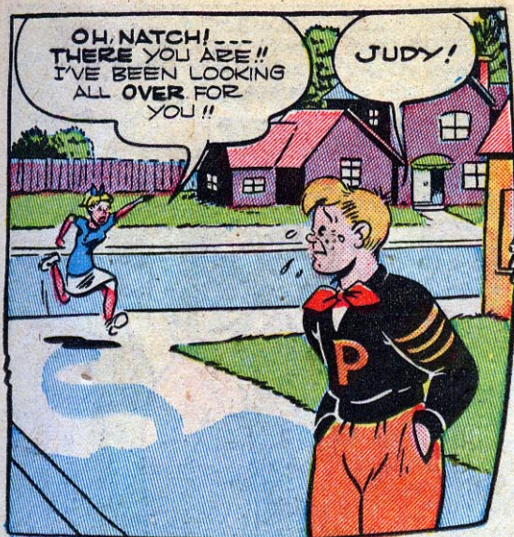








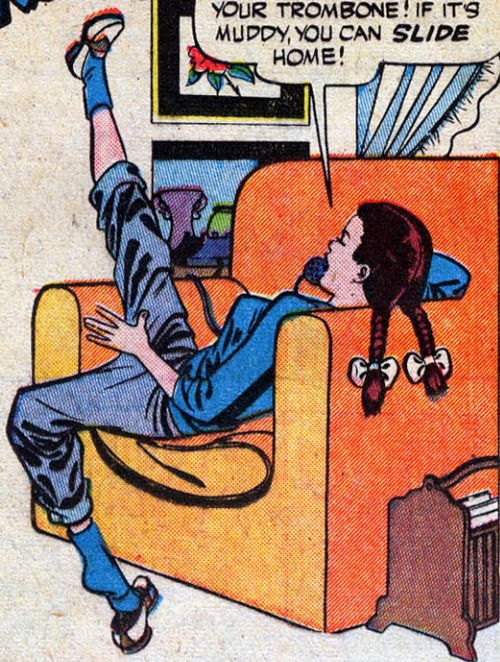




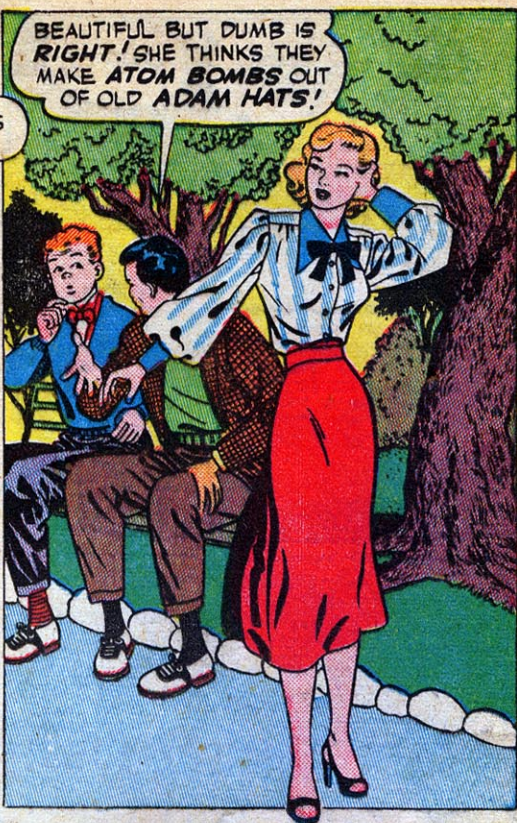


# KOLLEGE KAPERS

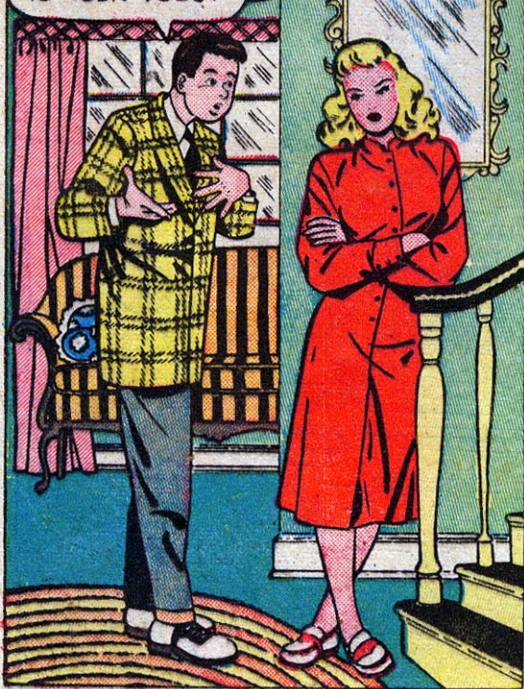
...AND BERT...WHEN YOU COME OVER TONIGHT, BRING YOUR TROMBONE! IF IT'S MUDDY, YOU CAN **SLIDE** HOME!



BEAUTIFUL BUT DUMB IS **RIGHT!** SHE THINKS THEY MAKE **ATOM BOMBS** OUT OF OLD **ADAM HATS!**



HONEST, HONEY, WHEN I WROTE '**DEAR PIGEON**', I **WASN'T** REFERRING TO YOUR **TOES!**



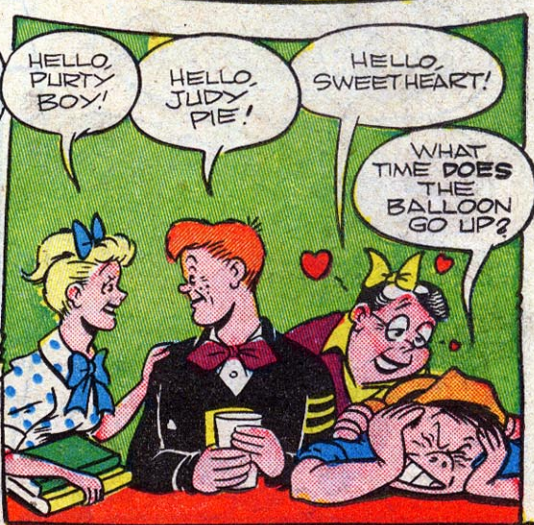
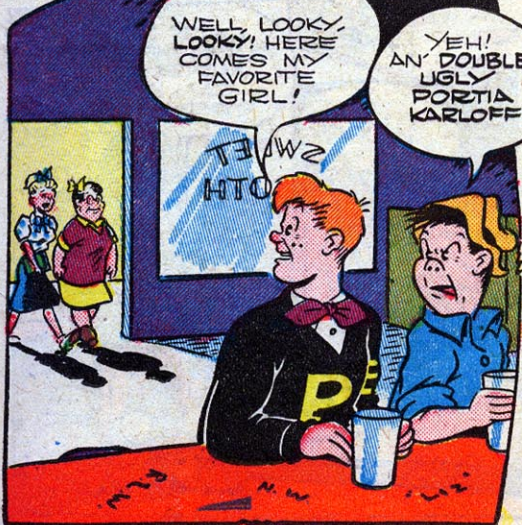
SEND THIS CAKE **AIRMAIL**, PLEASE!...I WANT MY BOYFRIEND TO GET IT **WHILE THE CANDLES ARE STILL LIT!**



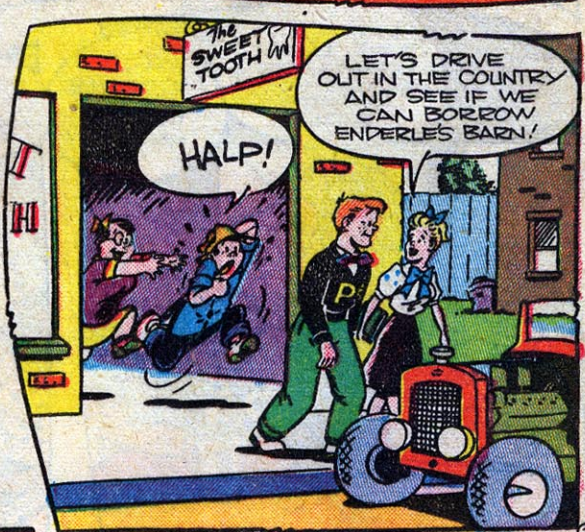
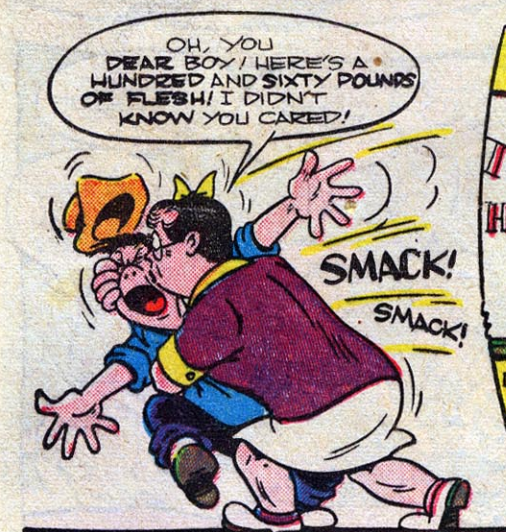
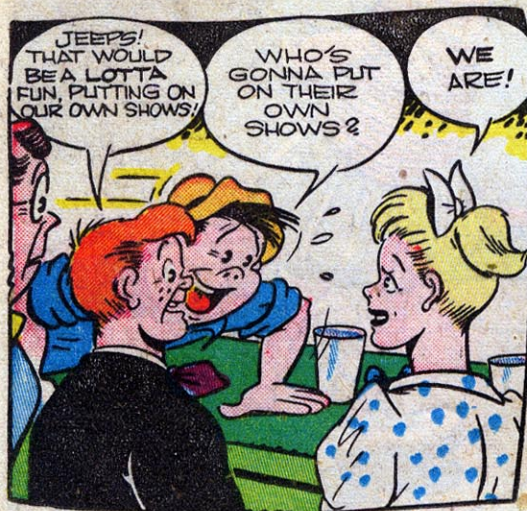
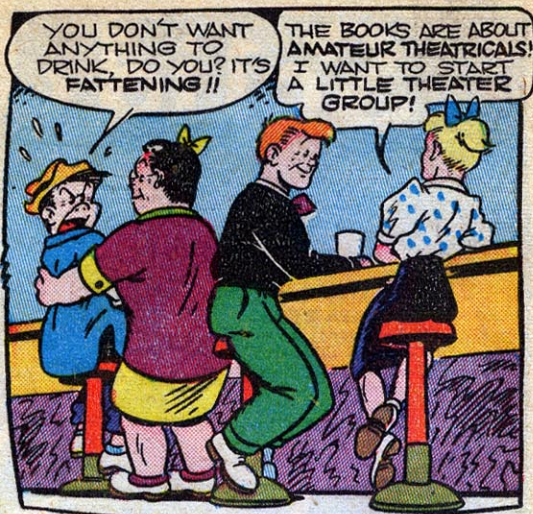
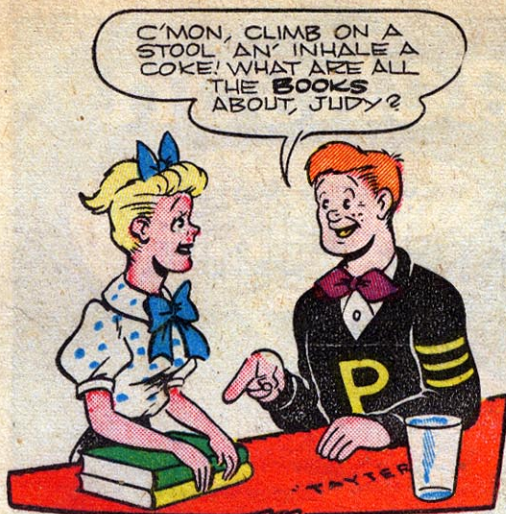
AL HARRISON



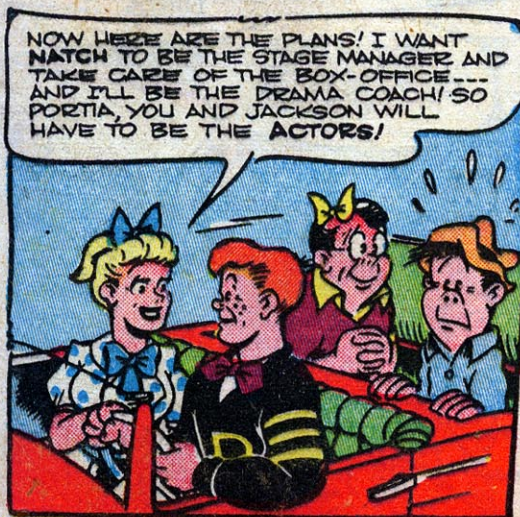
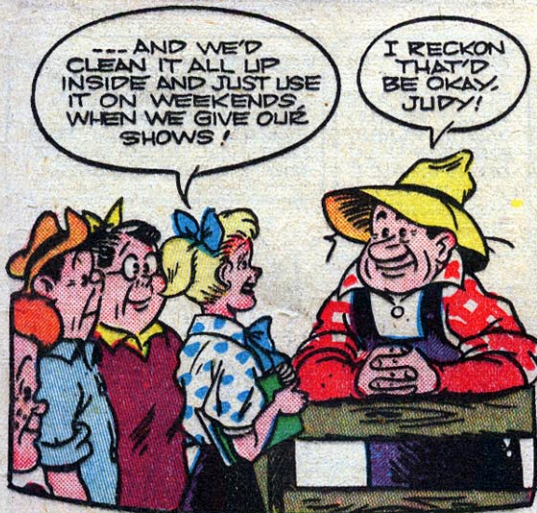
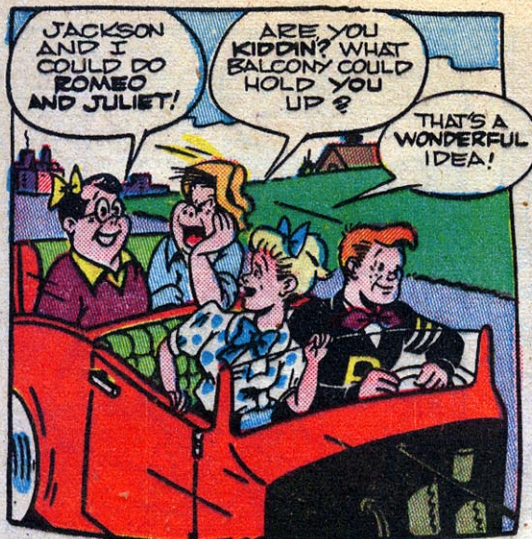
# "Solid Jackson"



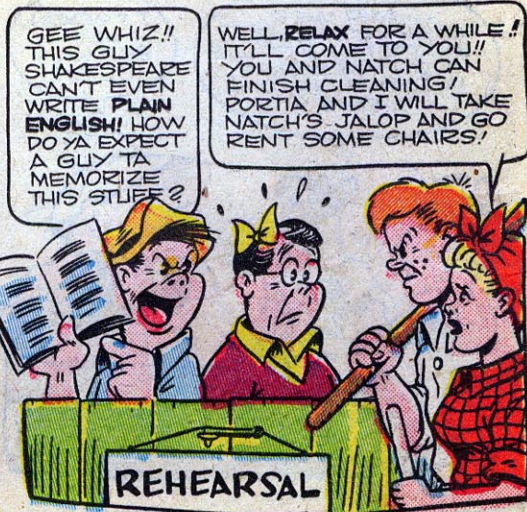
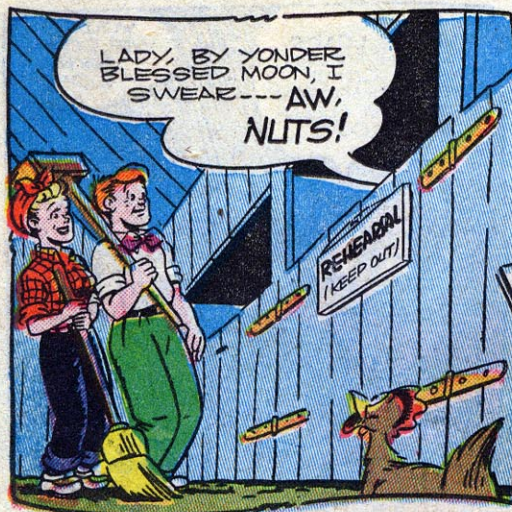
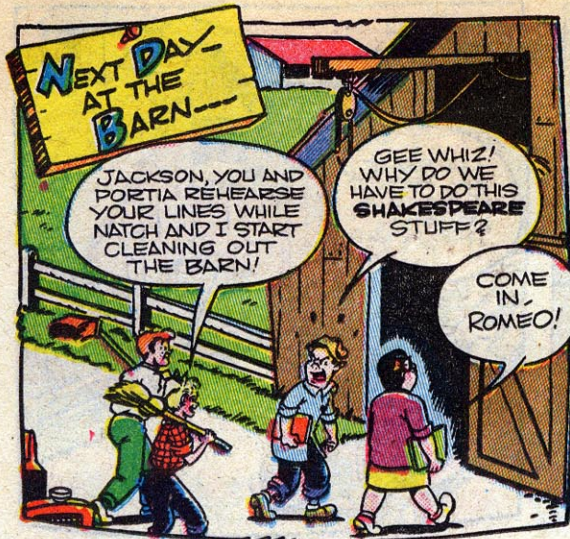




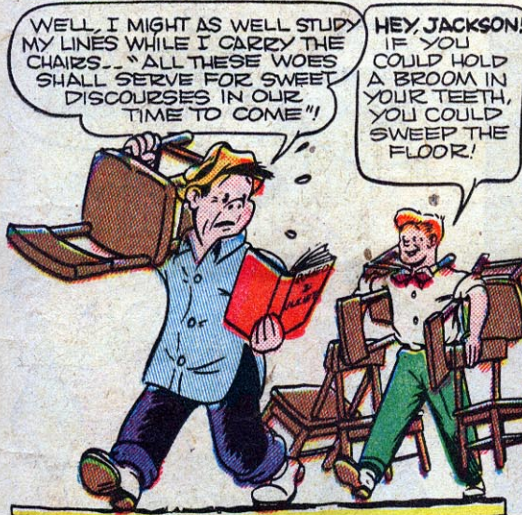
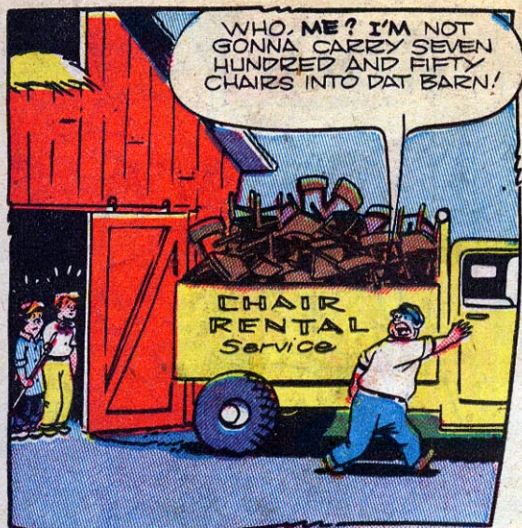




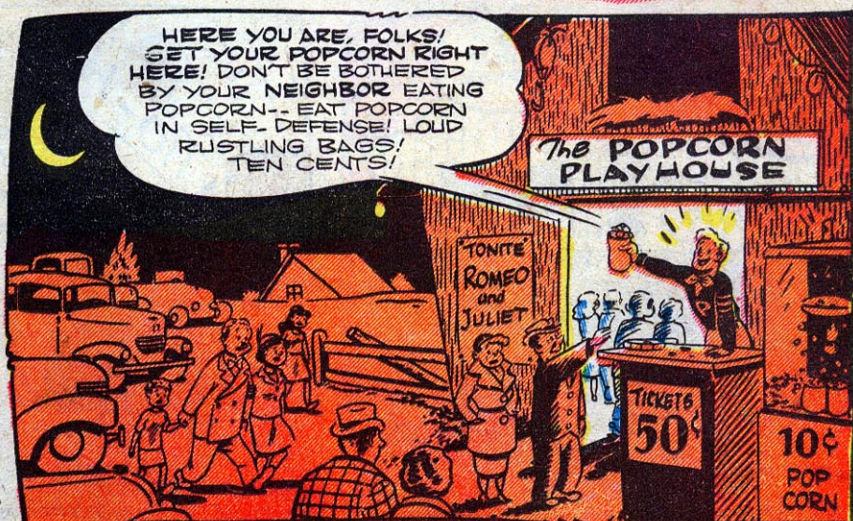




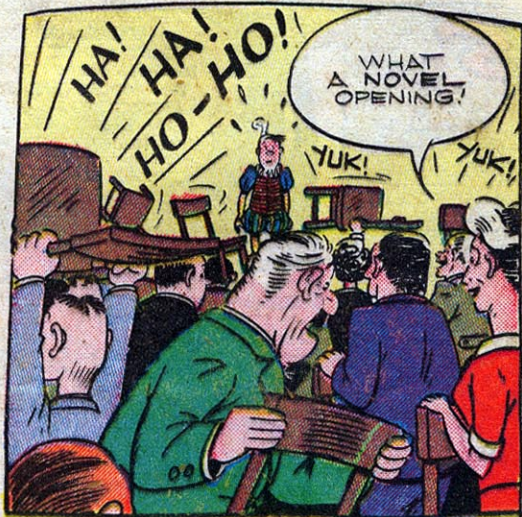
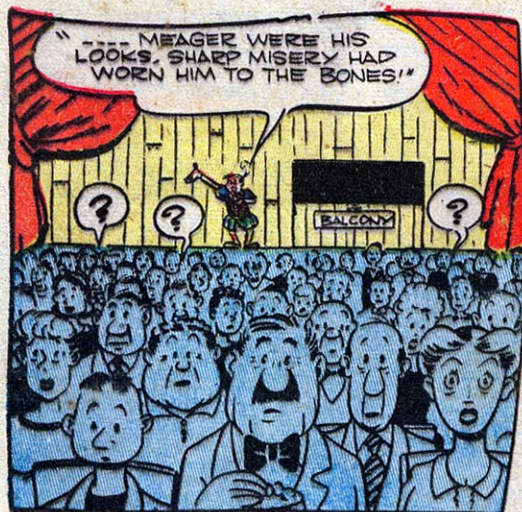
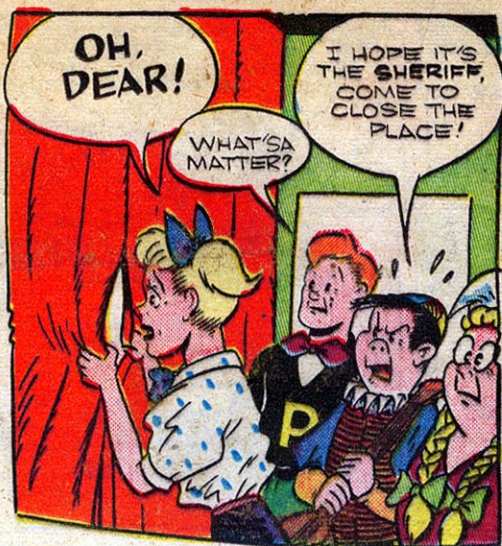
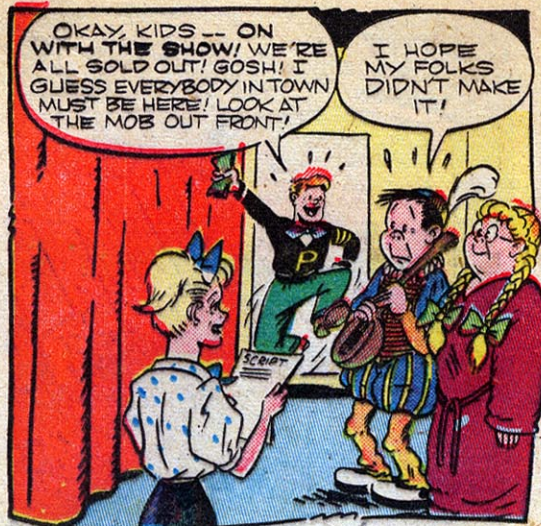




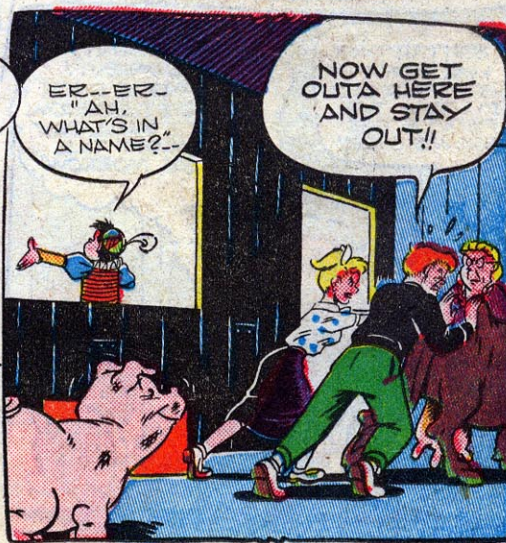
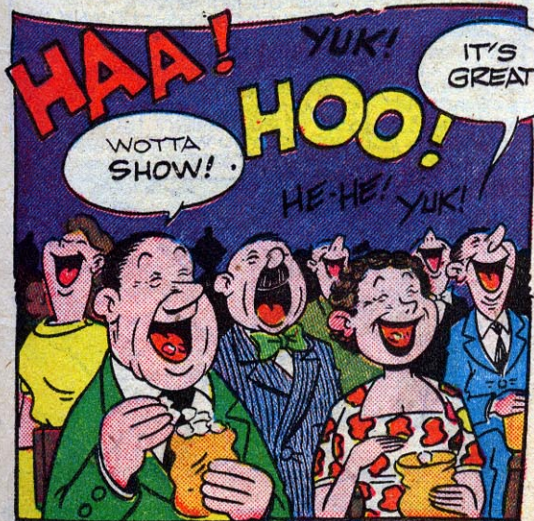
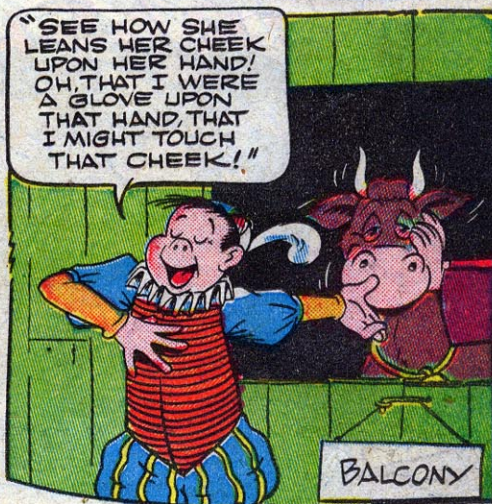
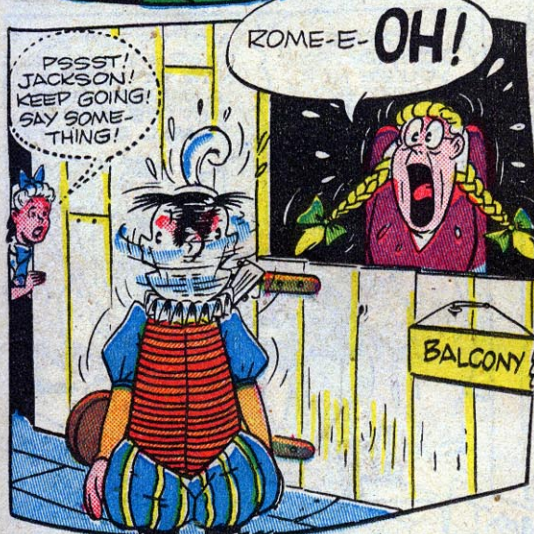
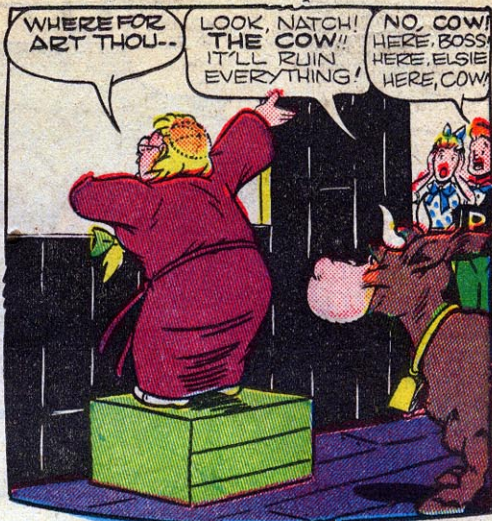
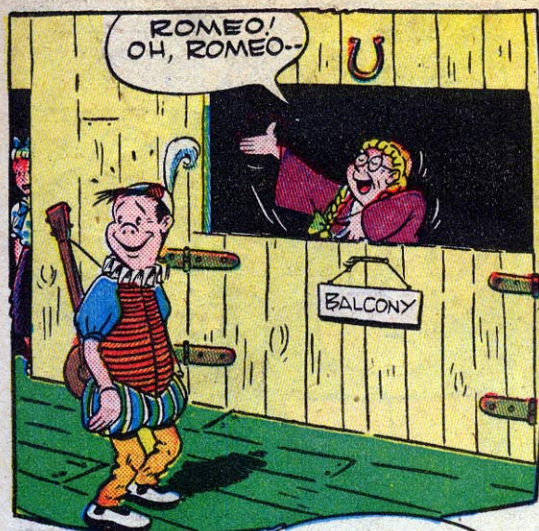
**S.**  
THE KIDS FINALLY GET THE BARN IN ORDER-- AND PORTIA AND JACKSON FINALLY LEARN THEIR LINES! AND NOW IT'S **OPENING NIGHT!!**



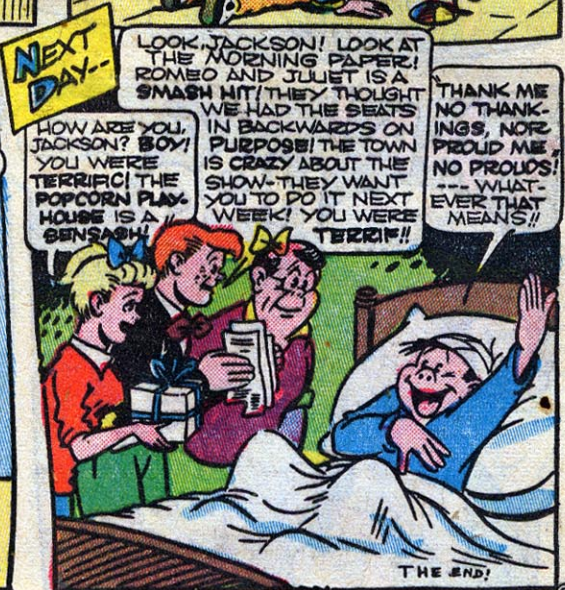
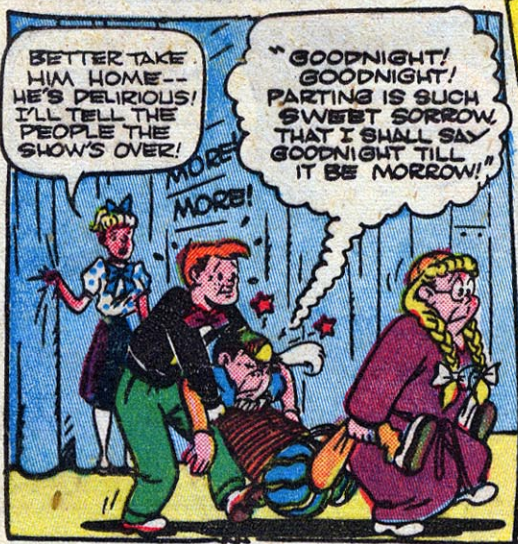
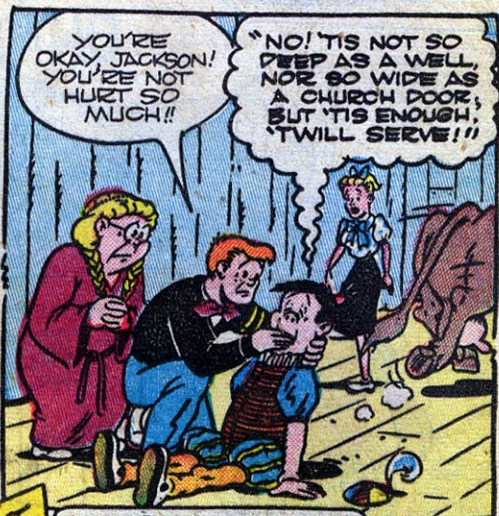
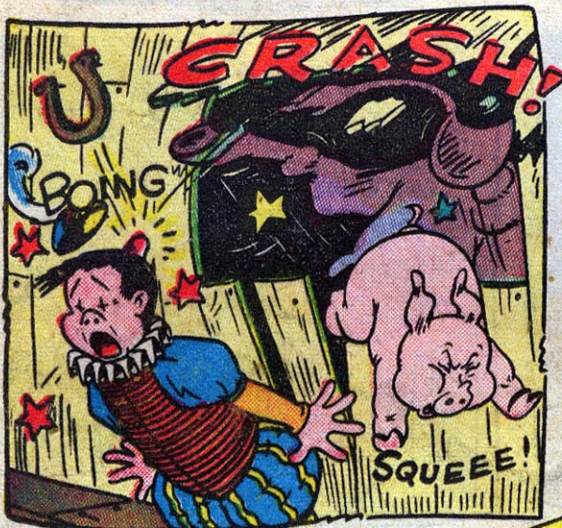
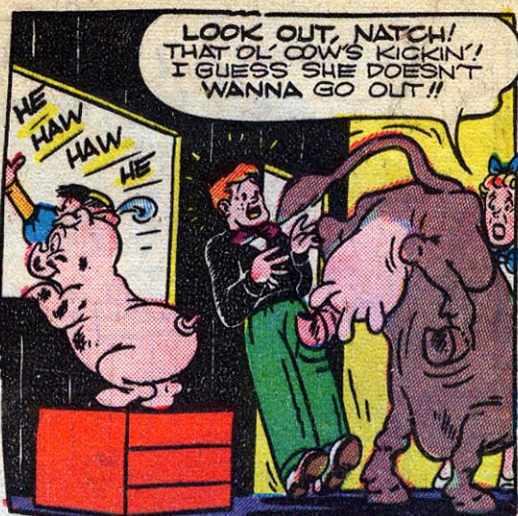
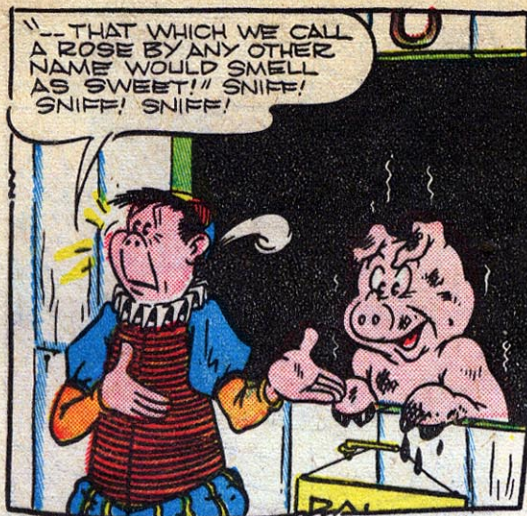












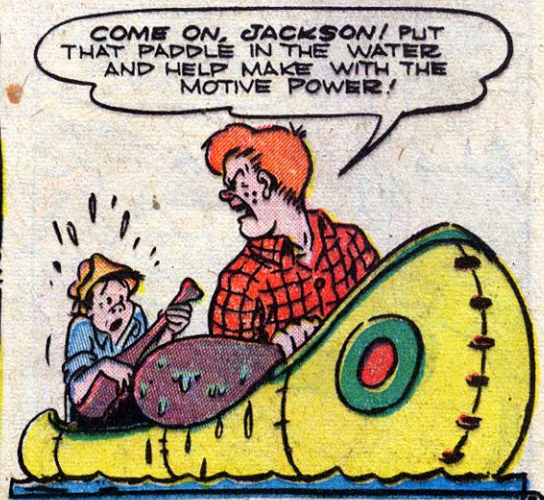


# Natch

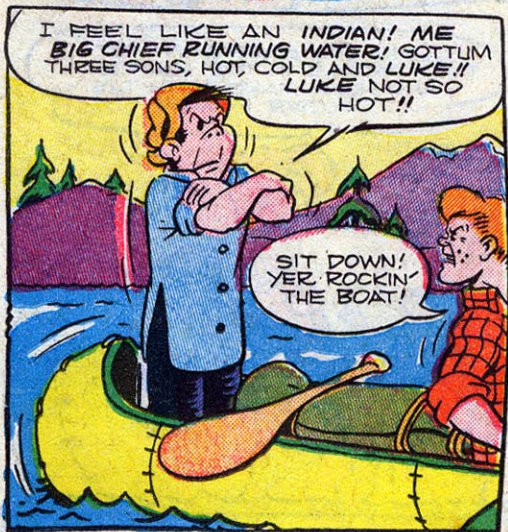
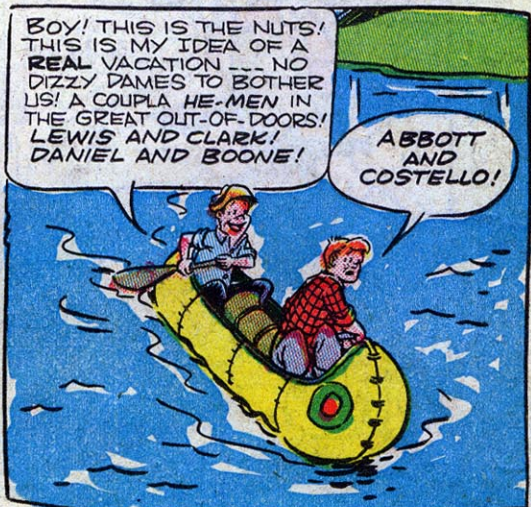
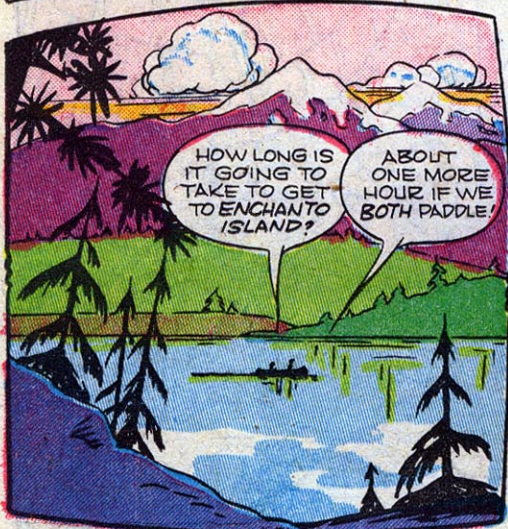
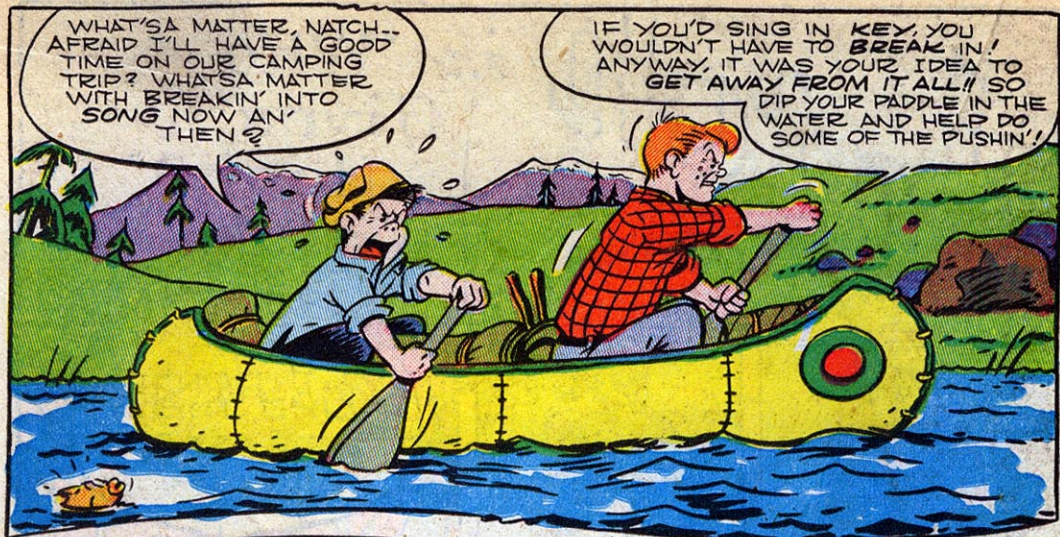
Cal Howard

in "Who Gives a Hoot?"

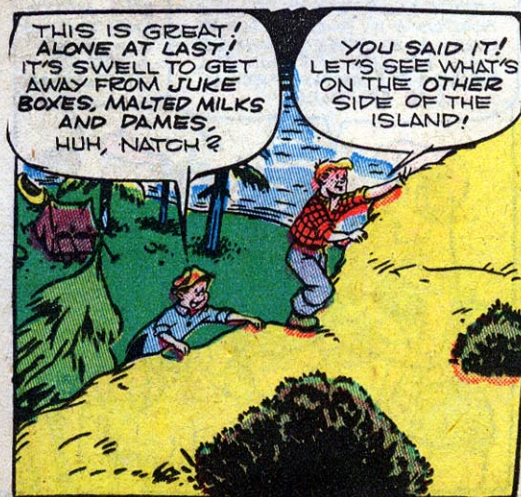
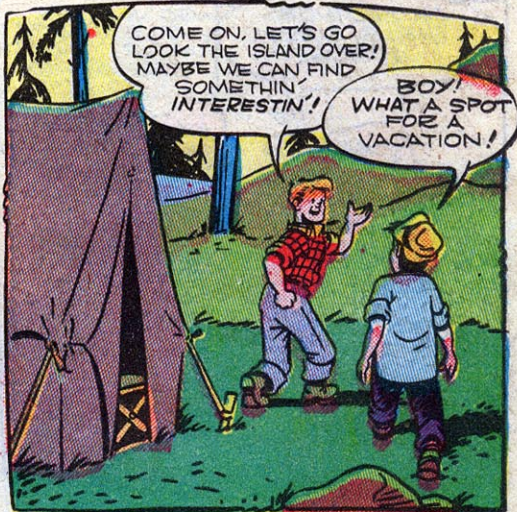
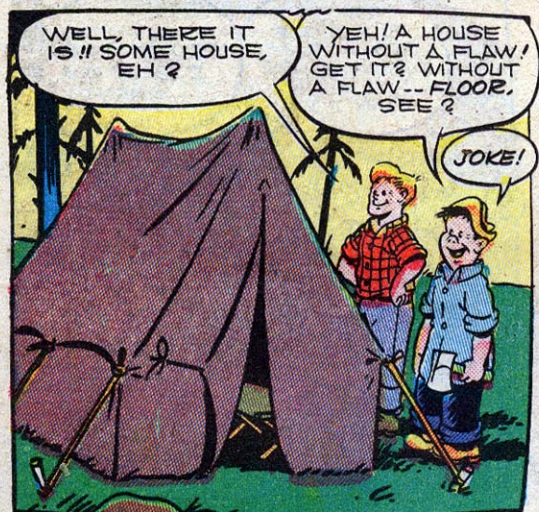
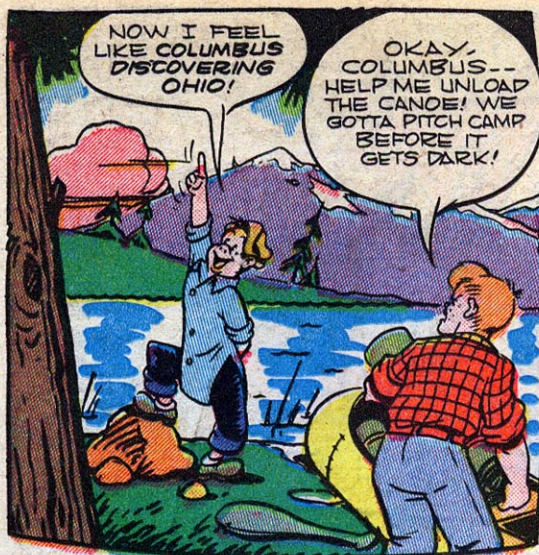
BOSWICKERMAN



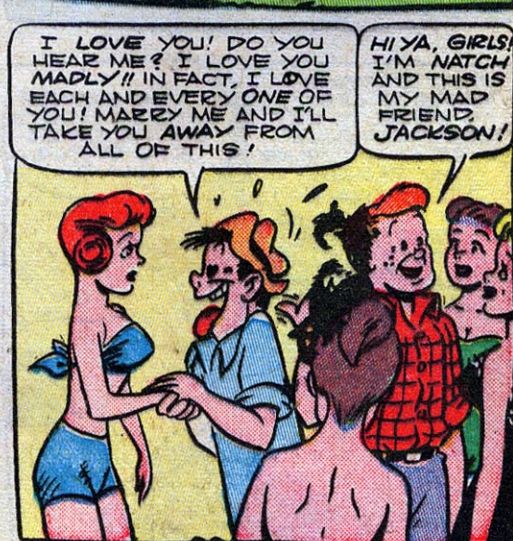
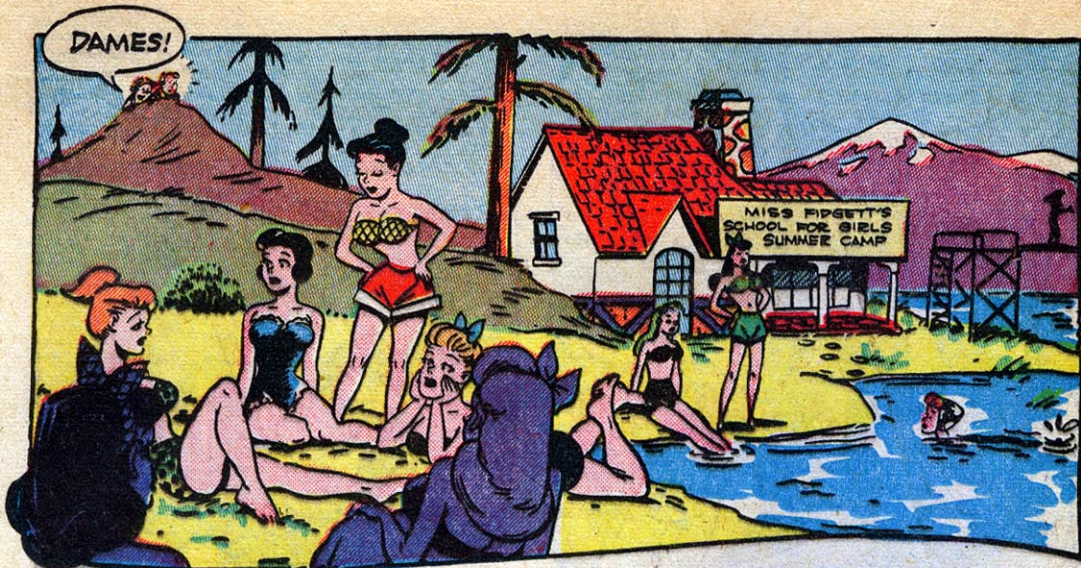




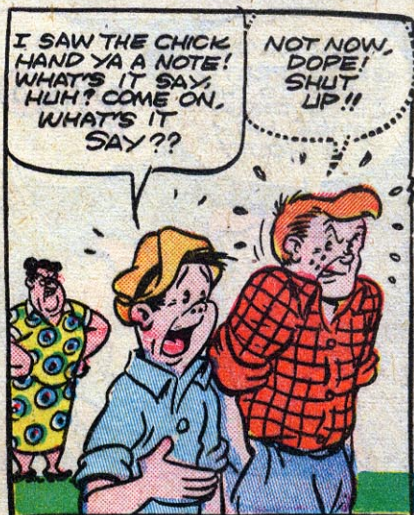
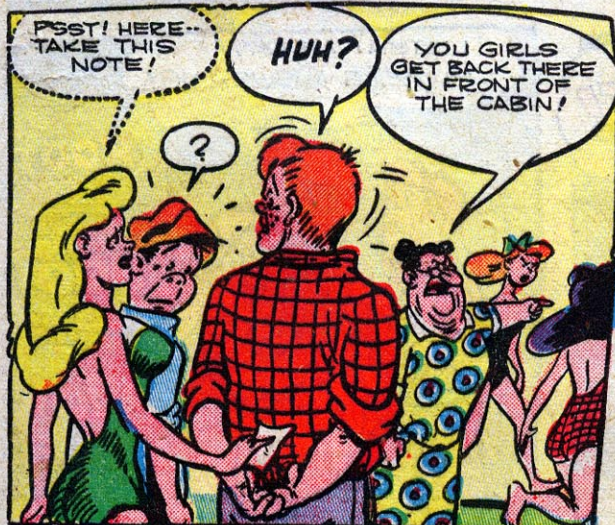
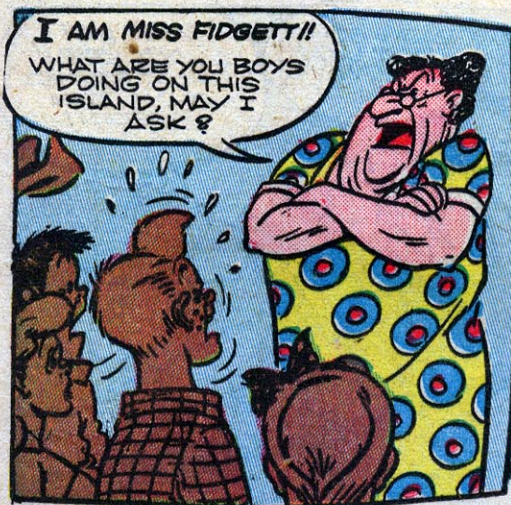
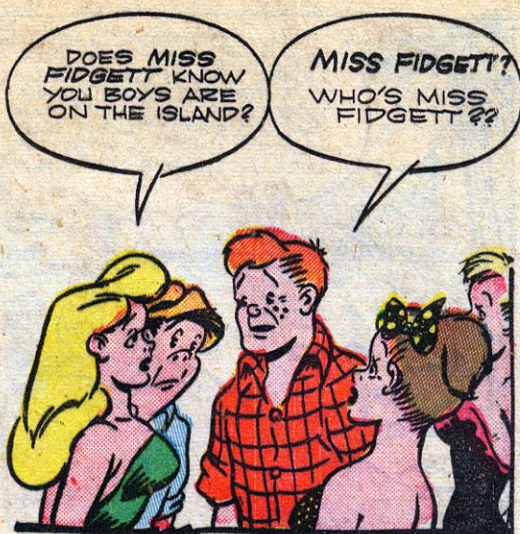
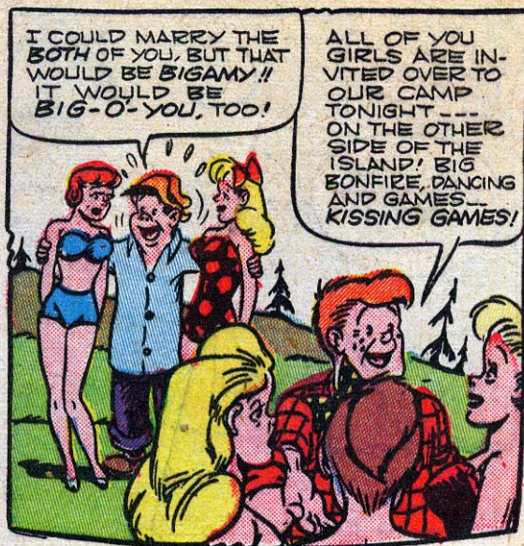




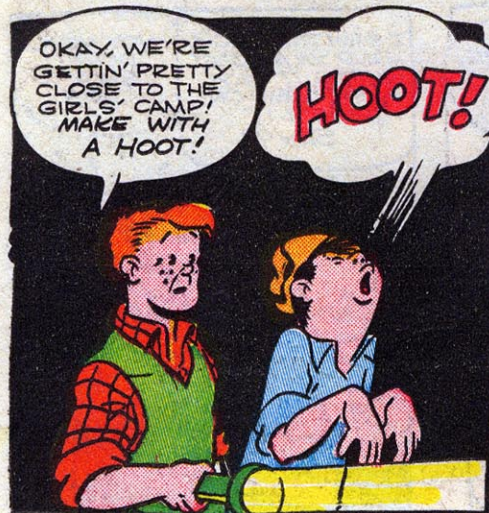
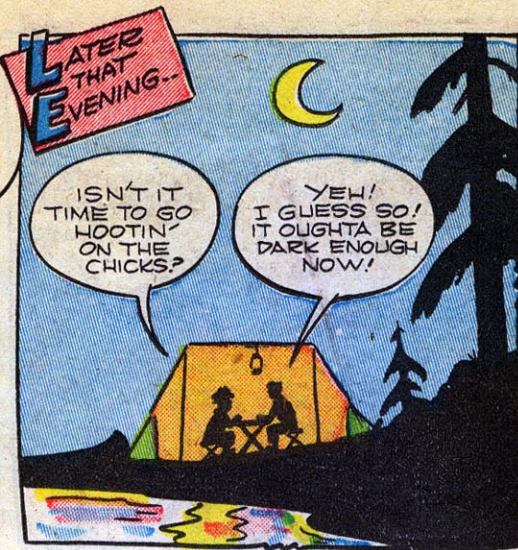


















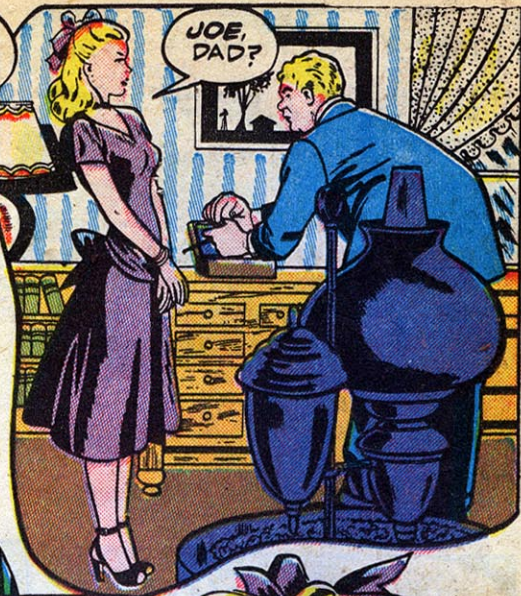
# PEG

by  
AL HARTMAN

I JUST SAW YOUR BOY  
FRIEND, JOE, GOING INTO  
THE **COZIE COKERIE**  
WITH A BLONDE!



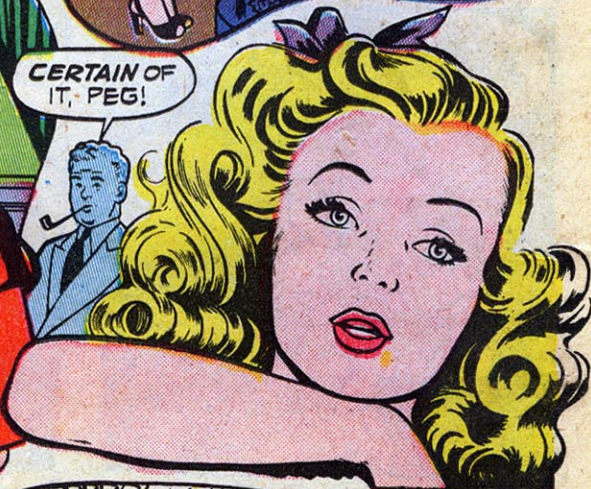
JOE,  
DAD?



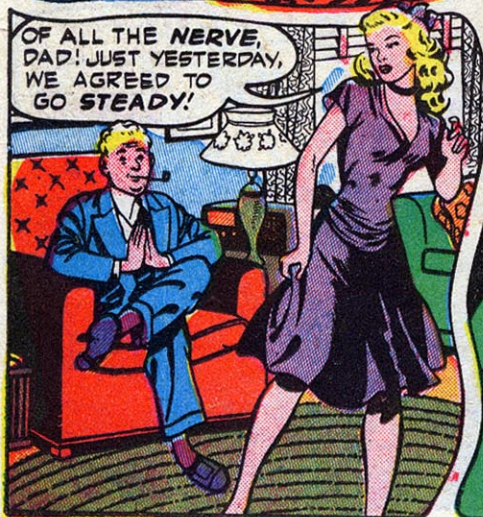
ARE YOU **SURE**  
IT WAS JOE?



**CERTAIN OF**  
IT, PEG!



OF ALL THE **NERVE**,  
DAD! JUST YESTERDAY,  
WE AGREED TO  
GO **STEADY**!



I'D CALL HIM AND GIVE HIM A PIECE OF  
MY MIND RIGHT NOW... IF I DIDN'T  
HAVE A DATE WITH **WILBUR** IN A  
FEW MINUTES!





# BIG SHOT

EVER since Elmer first laid eyes on Patty, he was a goner! The mere mention of her name turned his face scarlet—and the sight of her in school, or walking down the street, made him goose-pimply all over. The truth of the matter was that *all* women frightened him and generally he steered clear of them. But somehow, Patty was different—she attracted him like honey draws bees! Poor Elmer had it bad, and try as he might, there was nothing he could do about it. And Patty, the slickest, most popular chick in school, hardly knew he existed—even though he was one of East Side High's best basketball players! What was more discouraging, she had eyes only for Horace Heartthrob, the handsomest, swooniest boy in the senior class.

The thought of Horace made Elmer burn. "Maybe he *does* have a way with women," he grumbled to himself, "but that's all he's good for! Why, he couldn't make a basket if his life depended on it!"

So Elmer continued to moon over Patty—from afar. But things changed when old Dr. Fossil, the school principal, announced that the Senior Hop would be held the following week. Elmer's heart began to pound like a tom-tom. Come what might, he was determined to ask Patty, even if he died in the attempt!

Beads of perspiration bespangled his brow as he waited outside the auditorium door for Patty to emerge. Finally—there she was! He started to stammer, his face brick-red, and finally the words came out in a stumbling rush. "Er—Patty! Would you—that is, could you—I—mean *w-will you go to the Senior Hop with m-me?*"

Patty didn't know the agony Elmer was suffering—nor did she care. With a far-off look and a laugh of amusement, she retorted "Don't be a sill! *Everyone* knows I'm going with Horace Heartthrob!" It was a cruel blow, and Elmer was speechless with misery as he turned away. But she was so beautiful that he determined he wouldn't give up. True, the Senior Hop was out—but how about the Class Picnic, which was due in another few weeks? It took time to summon up his nerve, but he finally made the plunge in French class one afternoon and slipped her a note of invitation. She scanned it briefly, then, her face cold, passed him a reply. It read:

"Elmer:

The answer is NO! By now you should realize that I devote my time only to *people who count!* Which means I'm going to the picnic with Horace Heartthrob!

Patty"

Elmer was stunned. Then, slowly, he found himself getting angrier and angrier. What did he care, anyway? All women were alike—selfish, silly and fickle! He was through with them for life! From now on he'd devote his time and effort to things that *really* mattered—to things he was good at—namely, *basketball!* He couldn't have picked a better time for his decision, since that very night, East Side High was playing its arch rival, Central Tech!

The gymnasium was crowded to the rafters as game-time approached. The championship depended on the game, and East Side's coach didn't miss the opportunity for a pre-game pep talk.



"Give it all you've got, boys," he ordered. "We've gotta win!" Then he turned to Elmer and clapped him on the shoulder. "Remember, boy—I'm counting on you!" he said.

And then it began—the game on which so much depended. Elmer was set to do his best, but it wasn't long before he discovered that something was wrong. He had thought he was through with women for life—but he couldn't shake Patty's tantalizing face from his thoughts! A fast pass sent the ball into his hands and there he was beneath the unguarded basket. "Shoot!" screamed the feverish crowd. Setting himself, he took careful aim—only to find the vision of the beautiful Patty obscuring his target! Sailing through the air, the ball went wild—and to Elmer's horror, bounced squarely off the head of a girl sitting in the first row!

This woke him up. As he rushed to help the girl to her feet, a loud roar of ridicule burst from the crowd. Jeepers creepers, how he wished he could sink through the floor! Painfully he stammered out confused apologies—but what was this? The girl wasn't angry at all! She smiled up at him softly, and in a sweet, melodious voice she said "Oh, *that's* all right. You *tried*—and that's what counts, isn't it?"

Dumbfounded, Elmer stared at the girl and swallowed hard. What a vision! What gorgeous red hair, what violet-blue eyes! How come he had never seen *her* before? Suddenly, everything was different. Heart singing, he bounded back onto the court. Patty's image no longer plagued him—it had disappeared completely! He began to play like a house afire. He was here, there, everywhere, sinking baskets right and left from every corner of the court! Central Tech had been far ahead, but the picture was changing fast. For a wildman was loose in the game—Elmer! They couldn't stop him as, with unerring accuracy, he dropped one shot after another

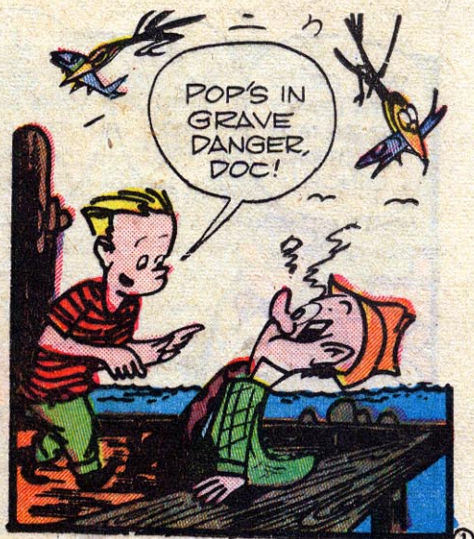
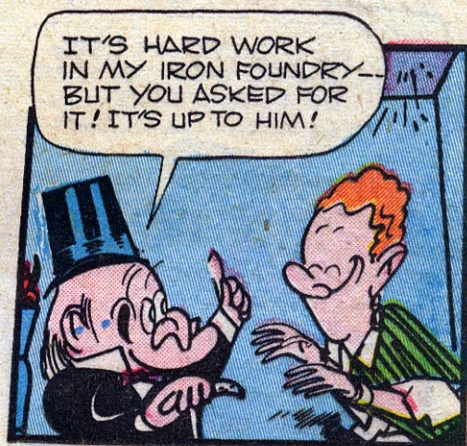
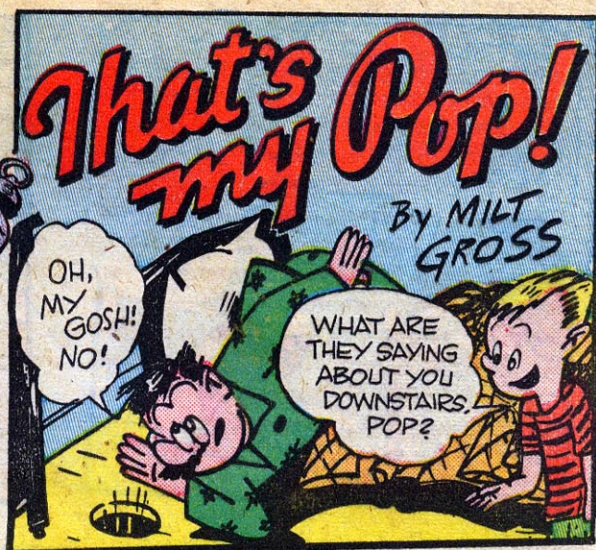
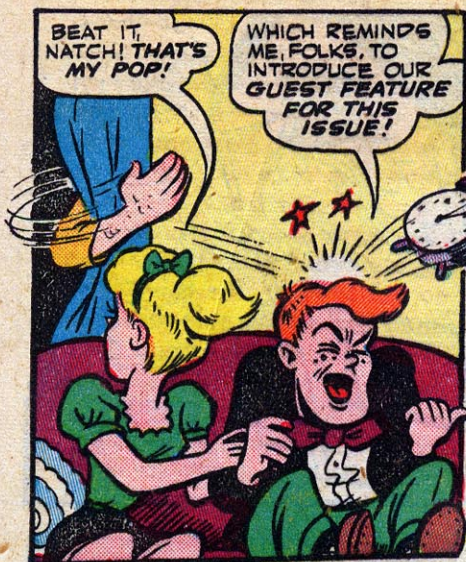
through the hoop. Now Central was leading by but a single point, 64 to 63. Just two seconds to go, and it was Central's ball, directly under their opponents' basket. It looked bad for East Side—until a miracle happened. That miracle was Elmer, coming out of nowhere in a blinding burst of speed! Right out of the hands of Central's captain he stole the ball. There wasn't time to get it down the court—even then, the referee was raising his pistol to signify the end of the game. There was only one thing to do—it was *now or never!*

Taking a deep breath, Elmer hurled the ball with all of his strength. Through the air and down the court it whizzed. For an agonizing second, it ringed the rim—then dropped through as the gun sounded, ending the game! East Side had won, 65 to 64! The arena was a bedlam of cheers, and in no time Elmer was surrounded by a flock of frenzied fans. He felt someone tugging his arm. It was Patty! She smiled up at him lovingly. "Elmer, darling!" she breathed. "I must have been *blind* not to realize before how really *fine* and *strong* you are! Why, I'll give up Horace Heartthrob *any* day for *you*!"

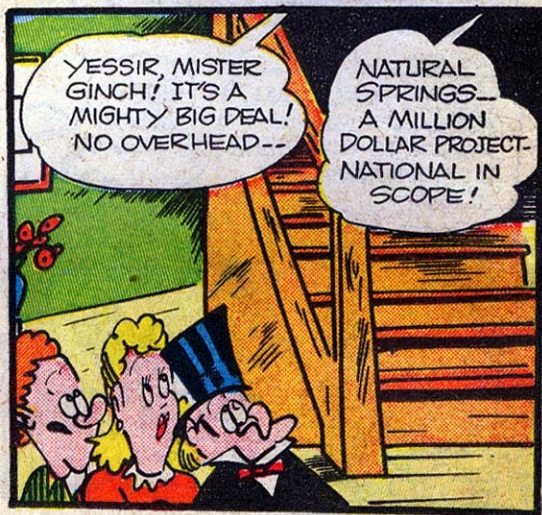
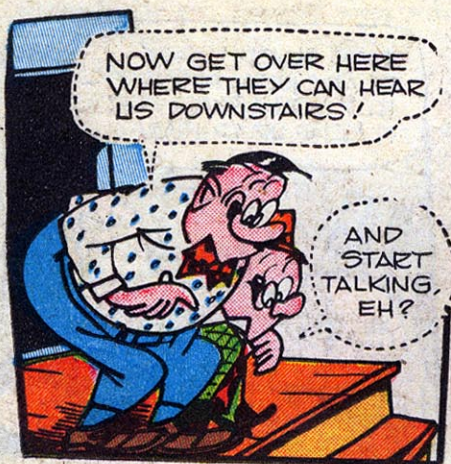
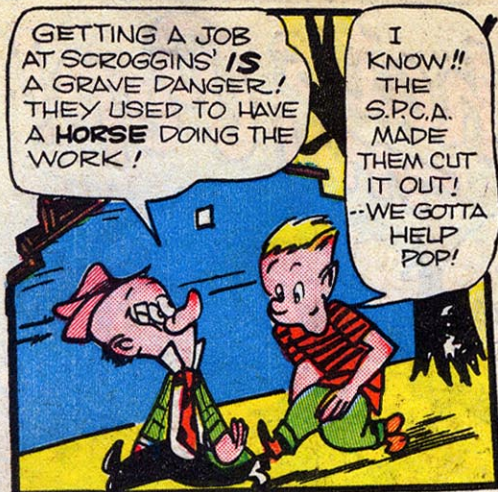
It was here—the moment he had dreamed of! But strangely enough, things seemed different now. Funny, but Patty didn't seem quite as pretty as he remembered her. No longer did his heart do a triple beat at the sound of her voice. No longer did her dark tresses, her provocative brown eyes, bring a gulp to his throat. *The tables had turned!* This was the *new* Elmer, his brain afire with visions of gorgeous red hair and lovely violet-blue eyes—his ears ringing to the echo of a melodious voice saying "You tried—and that's what counts, isn't it?"

Elmer started to grin. Reaching down, he detached Patty's hand from his arm. "Better stick to Horace Heartthrob," he said. "He's more *your* type! And now excuse me, won't you—*there's somebody I've got to see!*"

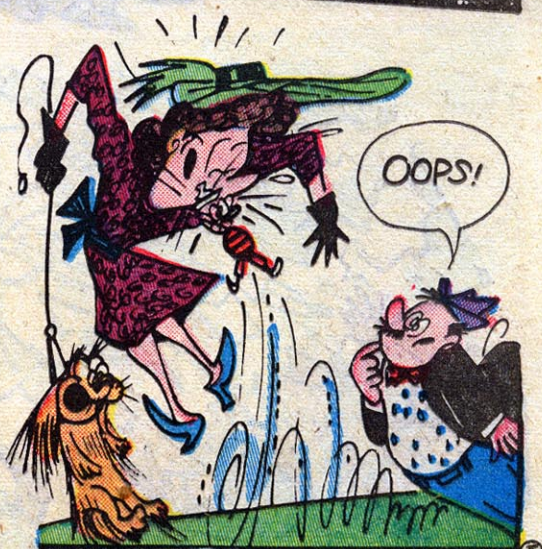
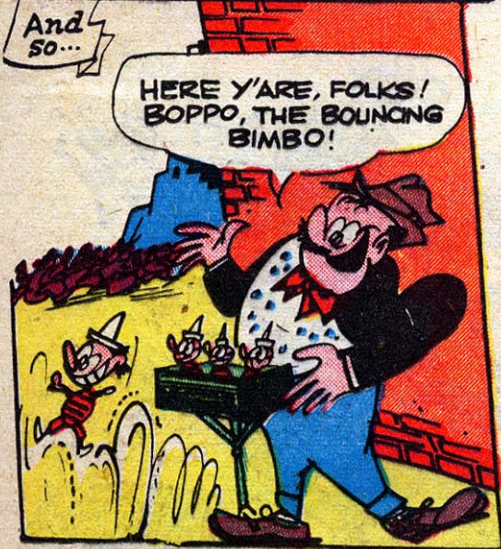
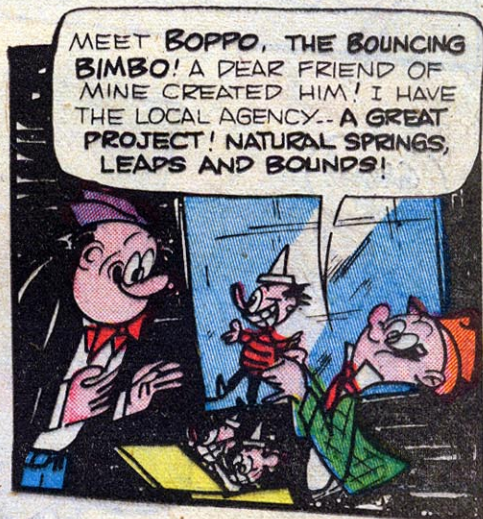




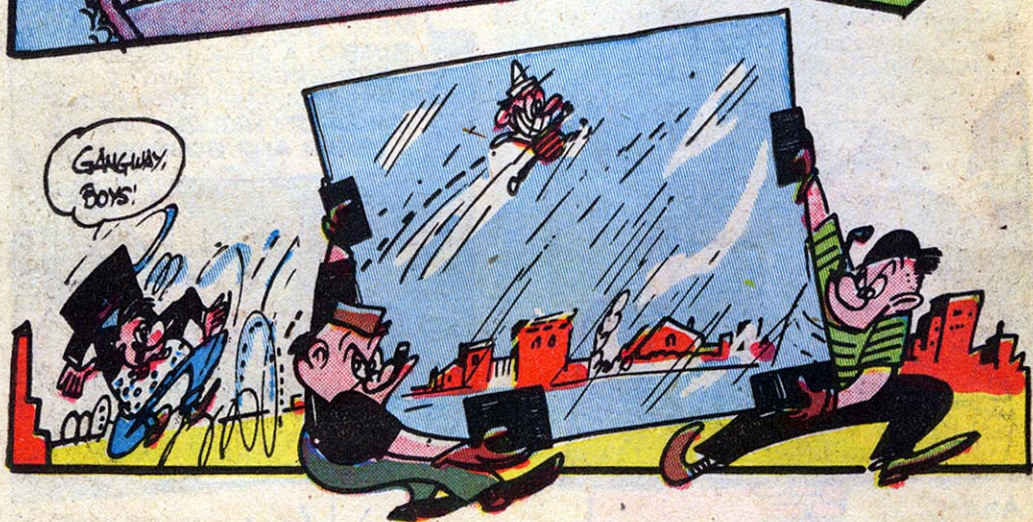
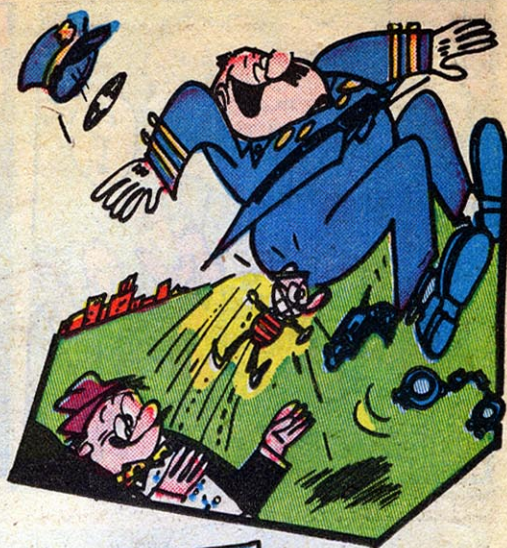
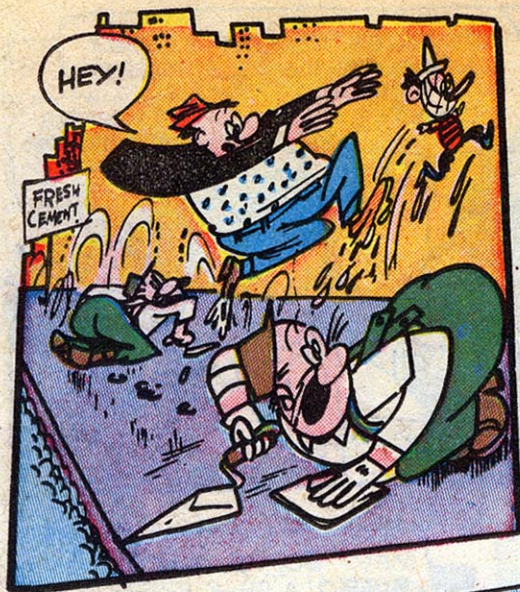




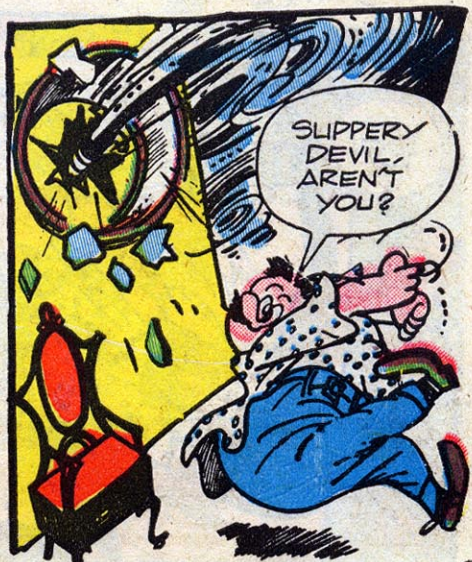
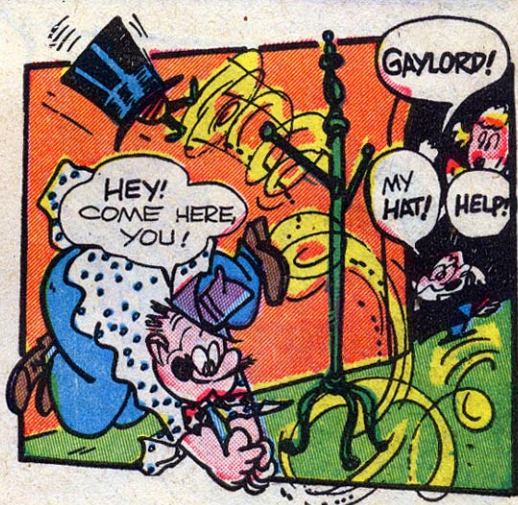
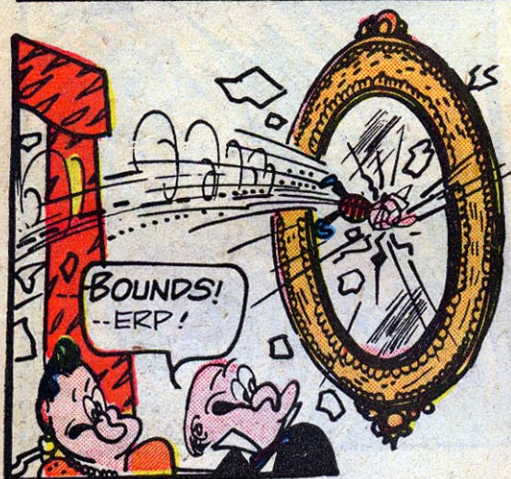
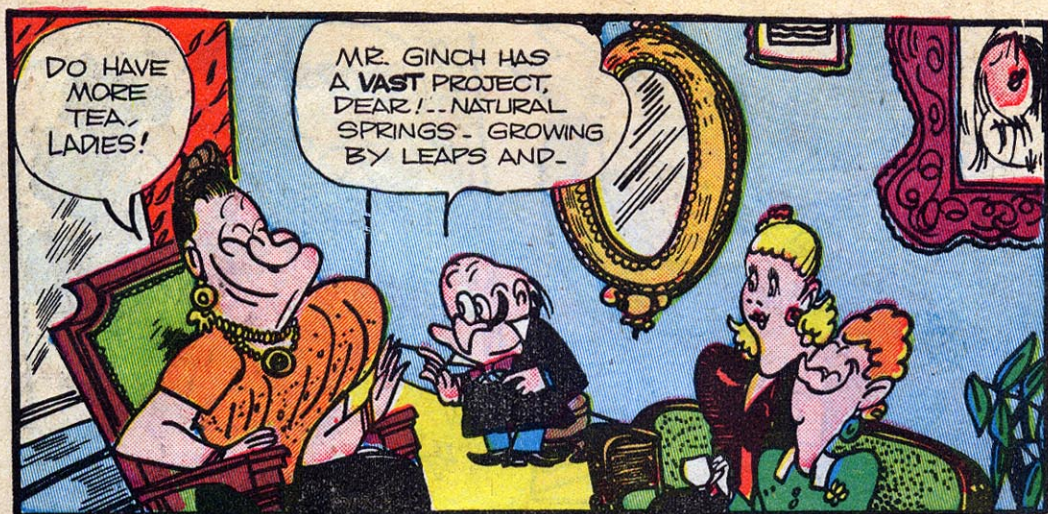




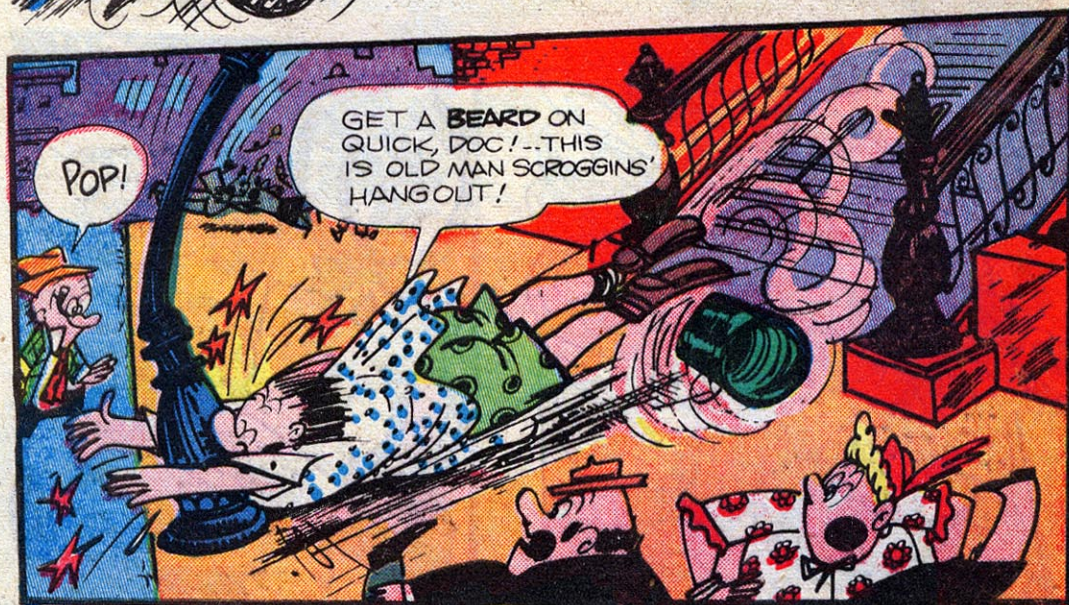
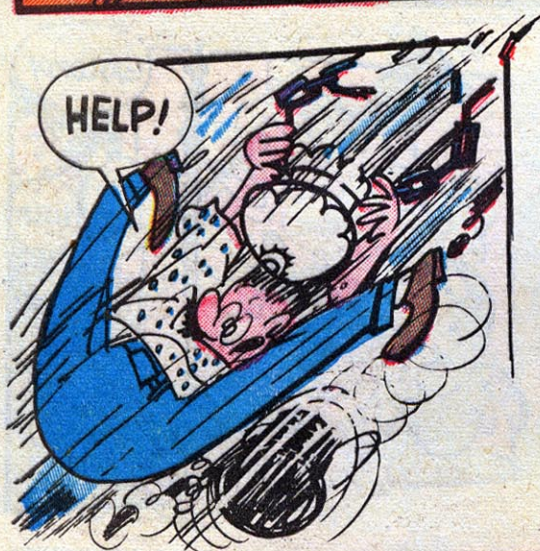
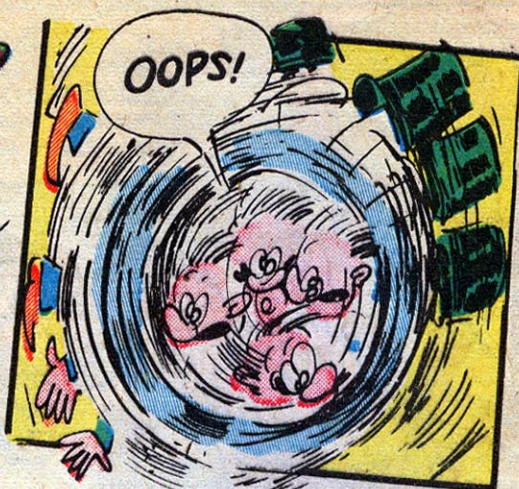




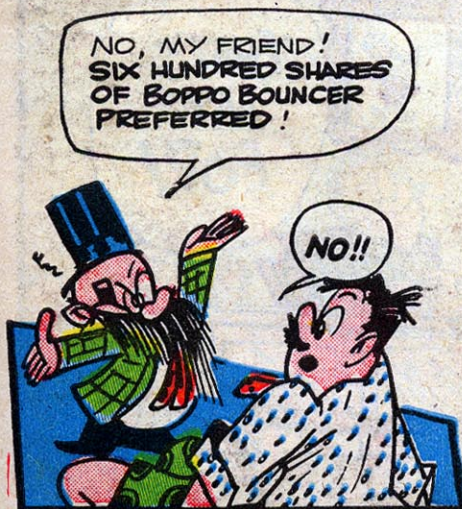
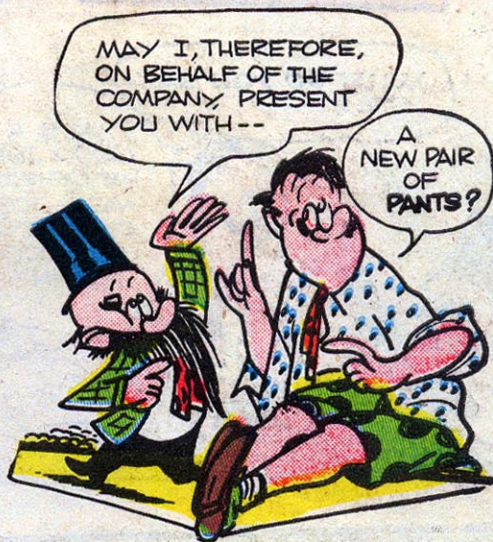
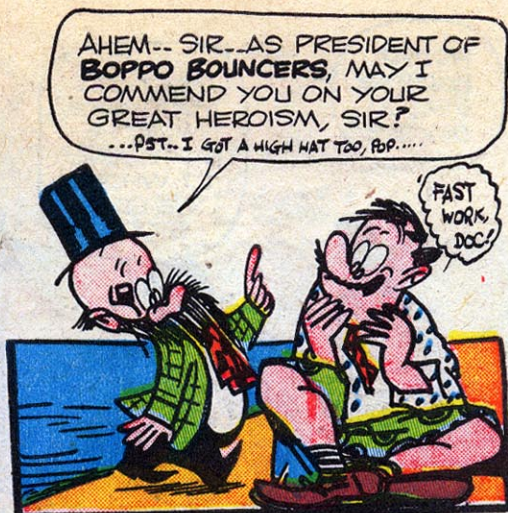
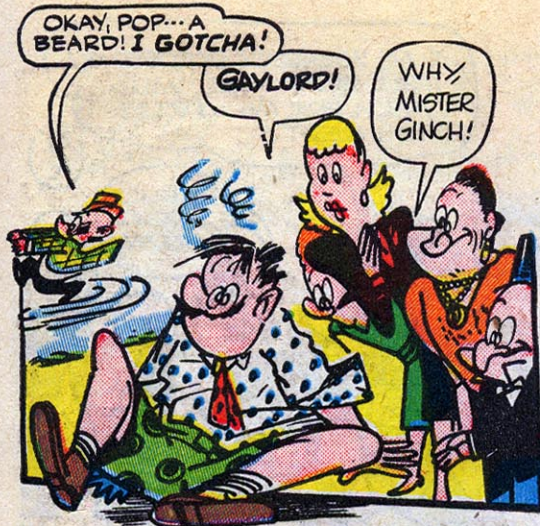














BOPPO BOUNCER,  
DID YOU  
SAY, SIR?

WHO ARE  
YOU? WE'RE  
MIGHTY  
PARTICULAR  
TO WHOM  
WE SELL  
STOCK!

I AM EBENEZER SCROGGINS!  
MRS. GINCH HERE WILL  
VOUCH FOR ME... I'D LIKE  
TO INVEST!

WELL,  
I DON'T  
KNOW--

?

WHAT DO YOU SAY,  
SIR?

HE'S A  
GOOD JOE!  
HE OFFERED  
ME A JOB  
ONCE! I'D  
SAY LET  
HIM IN!

FIVE  
THOUSAND  
SHARES  
THEN,  
EH,  
BOYS?

DONE, SIR!

OH,  
WELL--  
IF YOU  
SAY  
SO!

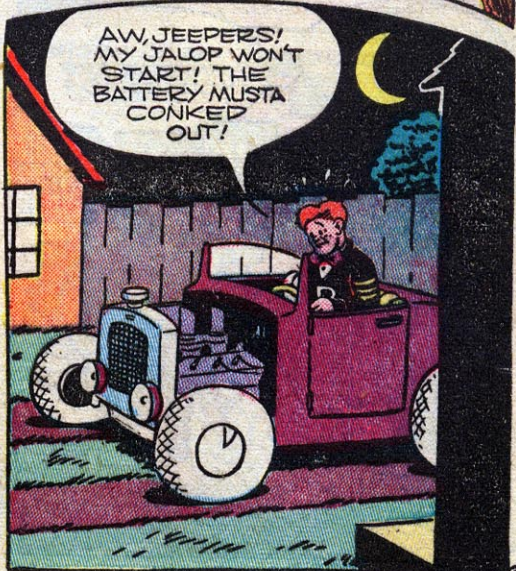
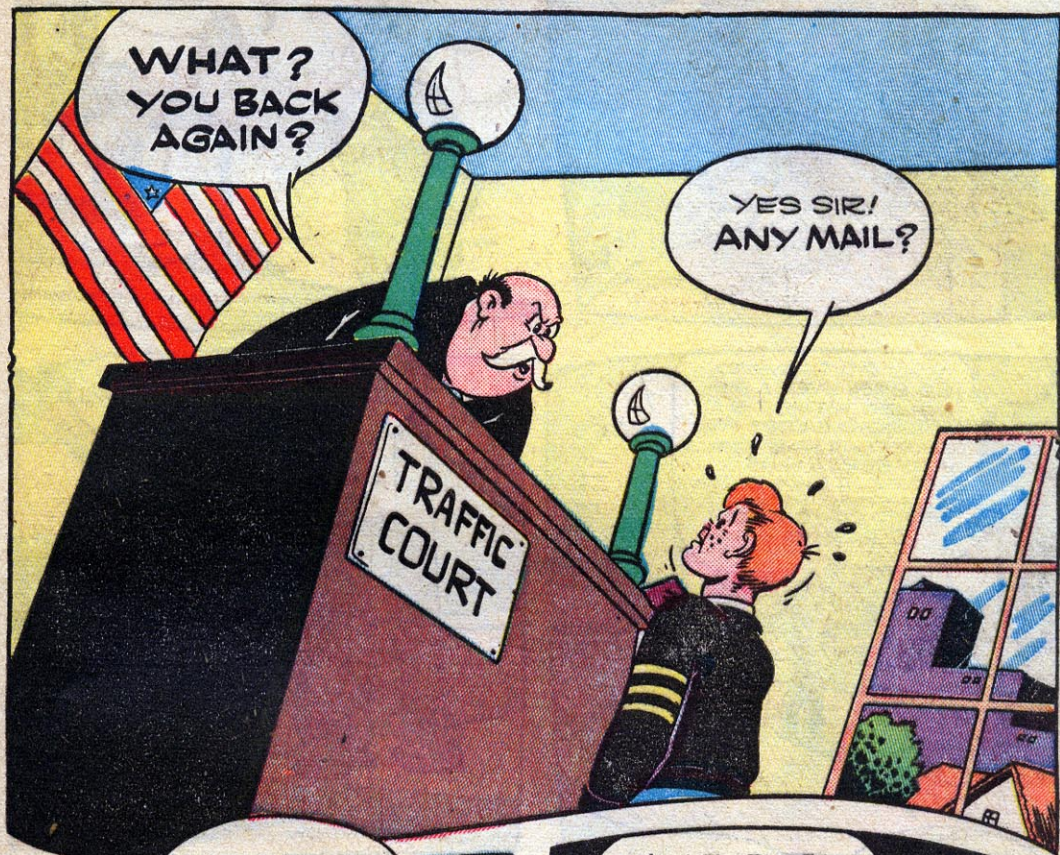
BOPPO BOUNCERS, GENTS!...  
CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, \$10,000!  
A GOLD MINE FOR OUT-DOOR  
MERCHANTS LIKE YOU... MEET  
OUR VICE-PRESIDENT IN CHARGE  
OF SALES, MR. GAYLORD GINCH!

THAT'S  
MY  
POP!

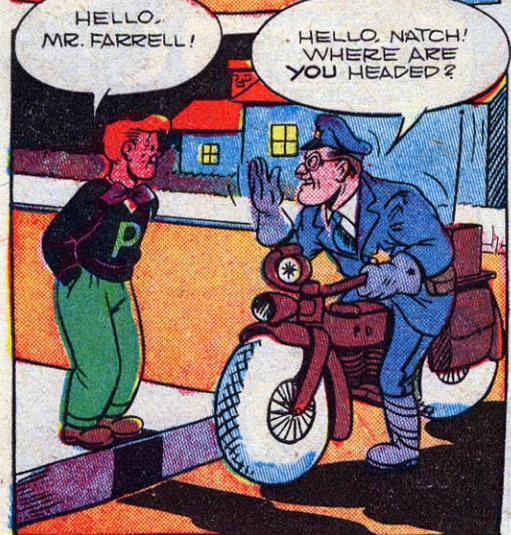
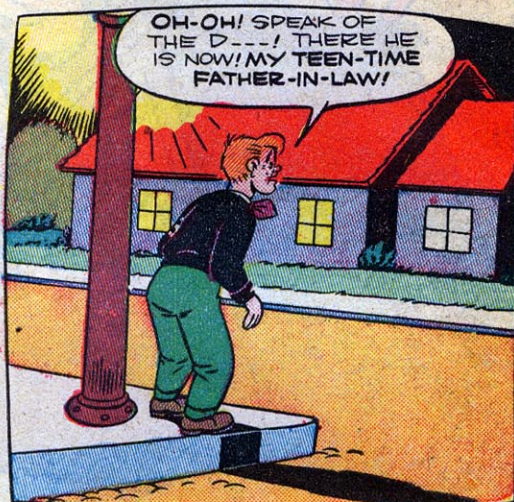
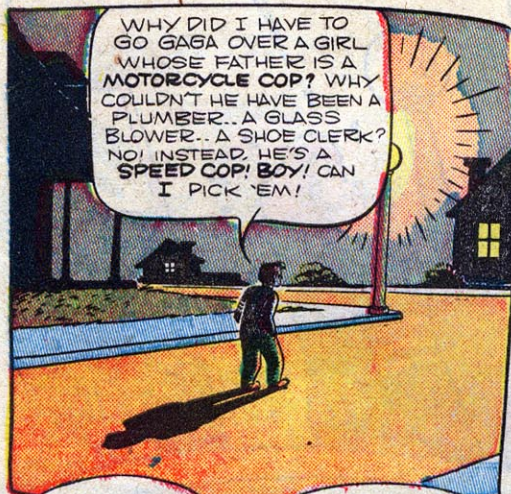
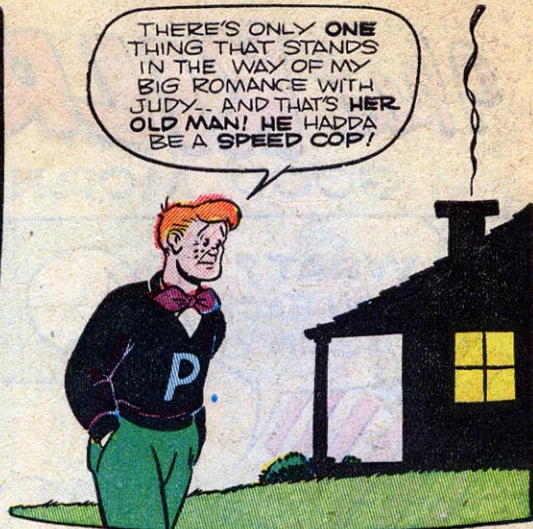


# That **KILROY KID**

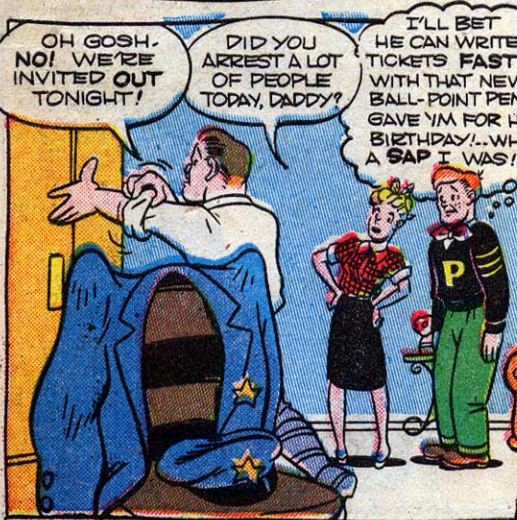
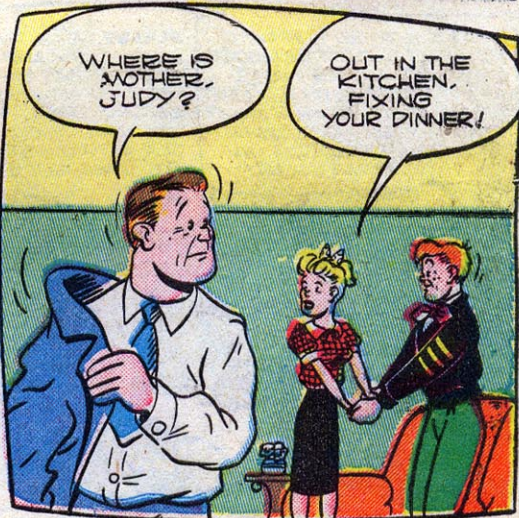
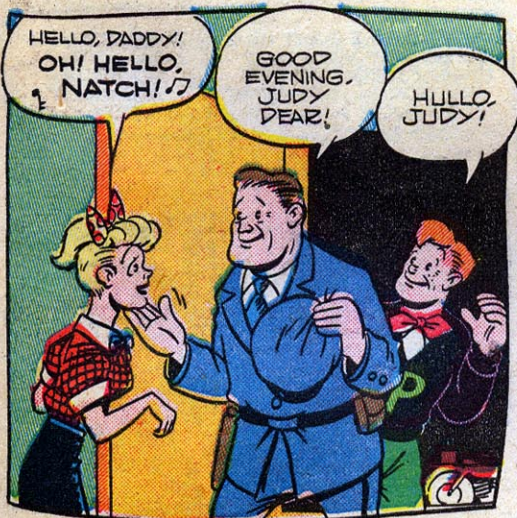
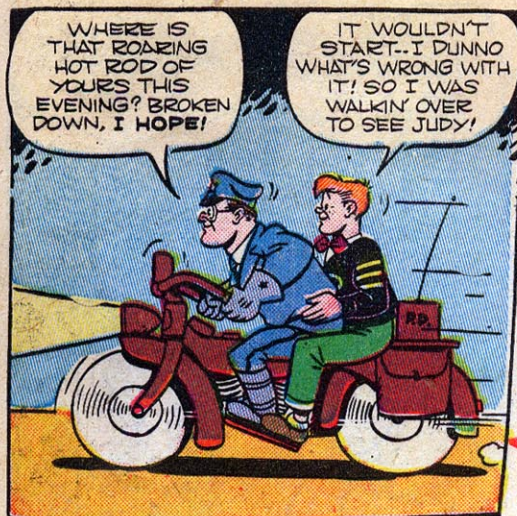
**GOOD MORNING, JUDGE!**







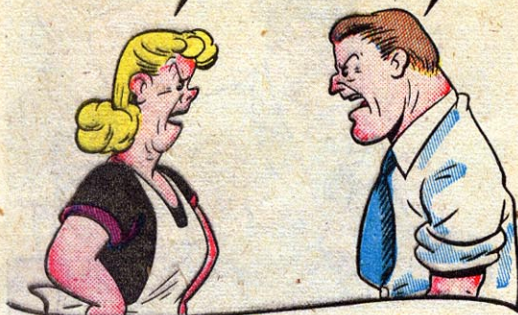






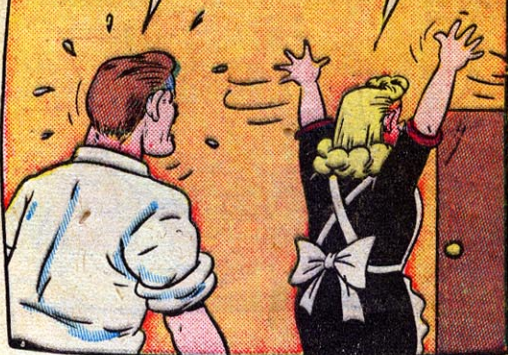
I WISH JUDGE SEWARD  
WOULD ANNOUNCE HIS  
DECISIONS A LITTLE  
EARLIER IN THE DAY!  
IT'S A GOOD THING  
I HAVE A ROAST...  
AT LEAST IT WILL  
KEEP UNTIL TO-  
MORROW EVENING!

WELL, YOU KNOW  
HOW THE JUDGE IS!  
I COULDN'T  
TURN HIM DOWN  
--- HE'S BEEN  
PRETTY GOOD TO  
ME EVER SINCE I  
GOT ON THE  
FORCE!



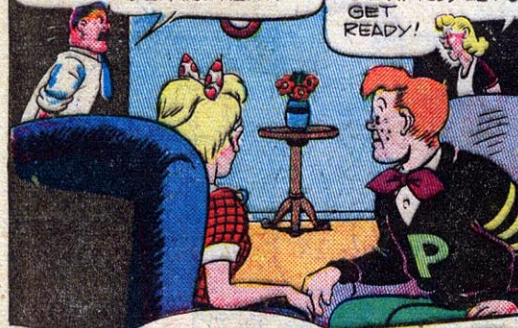
I GOTTA  
KEEP ON HIS  
GOOD SIDE, YA  
KNOW! I MAY  
GET A NEW  
MOTORCYCLE!

WHO  
WANTS A NEW  
MOTORCYCLE?  
GET A  
RAISE!!



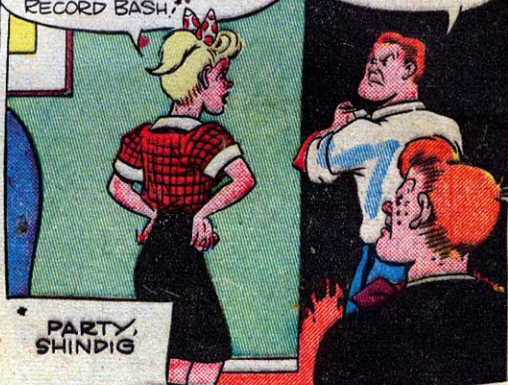
THAT'S NOT SO FUNNY! I  
MAY GET A RAISE TOO! JUDGE  
SEWARD LIKES ME! I  
ARRESTED TWENTY PER CENT  
MORE PEOPLE THAN ANY  
OTHER COP-ER. I MEAN  
POLICE OFFICER...IN MY  
DEPARTMENT!

PLEASE, MIKE! I'M  
SURE JUDY AND  
NATCH AREN'T IM-  
PRESSED WITH YOUR  
RECORD! COME, IF  
WE HAVE TO GO  
OUT WITH JUDGE  
SEWARD, LET'S  
GET  
READY!



GEE WHIZ! I DON'T HAVE  
TO GO OUT WITH THAT  
CORNY JUDGE, DO I? I  
WAS GONNA HAVE SOME  
KIDS OVER FOR A  
RECORD BASH.

I GUESS YOU  
CAN STAY  
HOME IF  
YOU WANT  
TO!



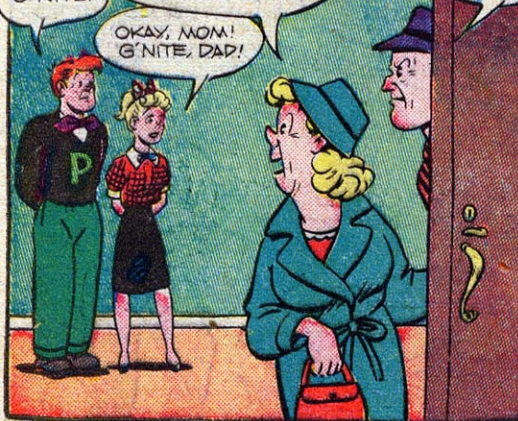
PARTY  
SHINDIG

IF YOU'RE NOT  
GOING WITH US, YOU  
AND NATCH HAD BETTER  
GET SOME HAMBURGER  
SANDWICHES FOR  
SUPPER!

DON'T  
TEAR  
THE HOUSE  
DOWN!

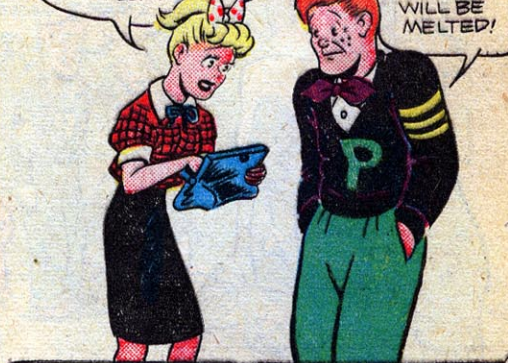
G'NITE!

OKAY, MOM!  
G'NITE, DAD!

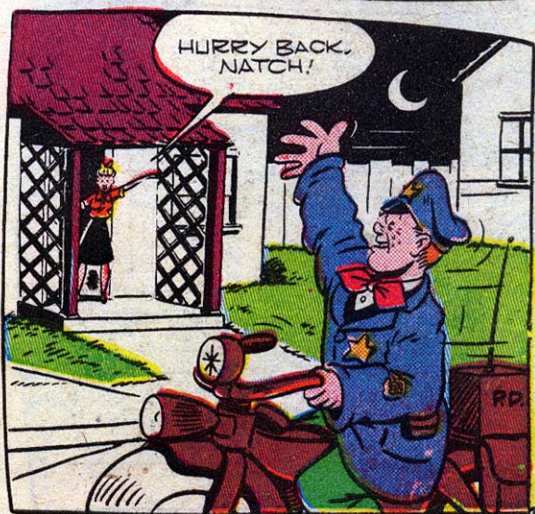
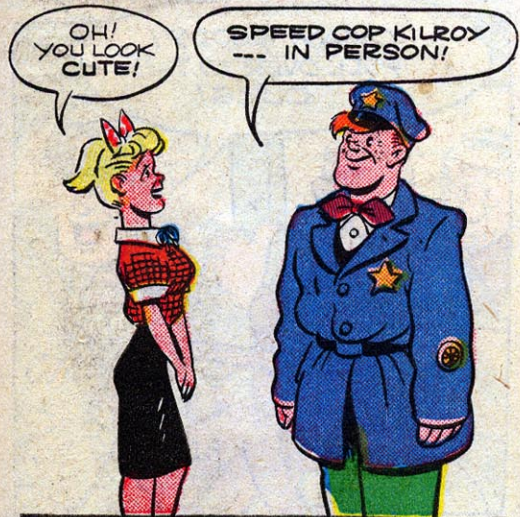
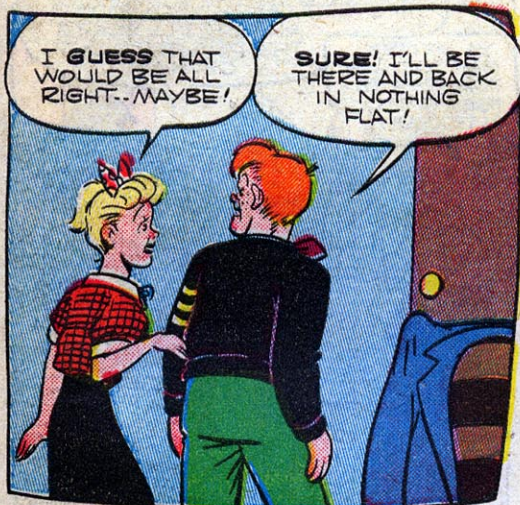
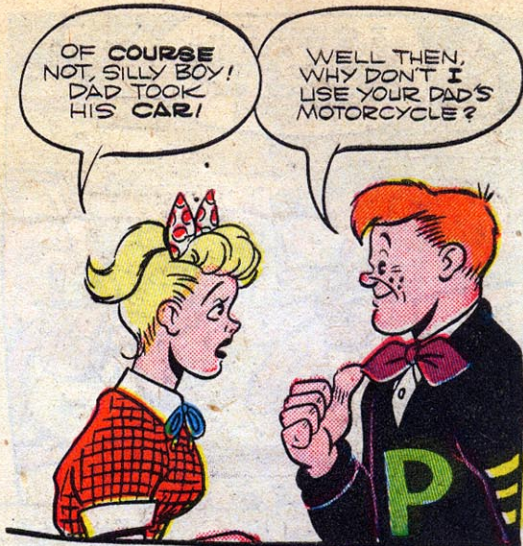
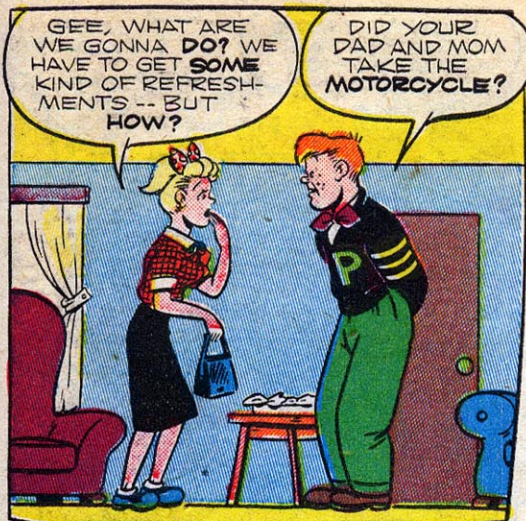


LET'S  
DON'T GET ANY  
HAMBURGER.. LET'S  
GET SOME ICE CREAM!  
THEN WHEN THE KIDS  
GET HERE, I'LL MAKE  
SOME ROOT BEER  
FLOATS!

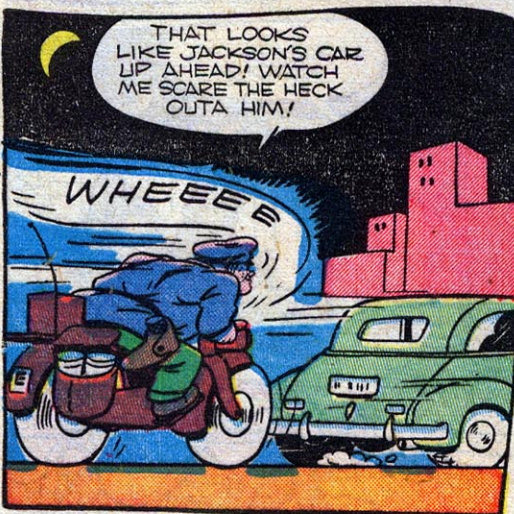
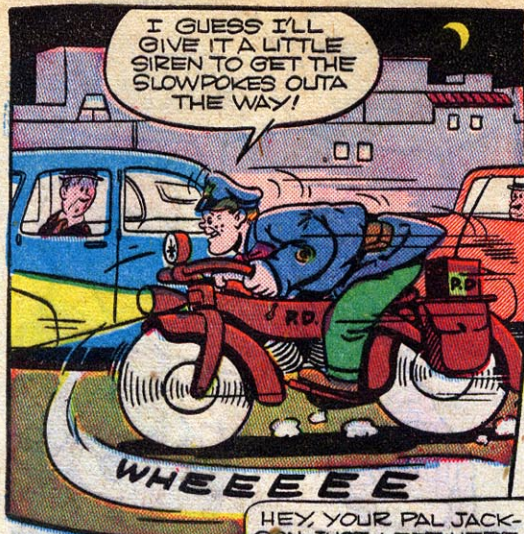
GEE, JUDY, I  
HAVEN'T GOT MY  
JALOPY TONIGHT!  
IF I WALK UP TO THE  
SWEET TOOTH AND  
BACK, THE ICE  
CREAM  
WILL BE  
MELTED!



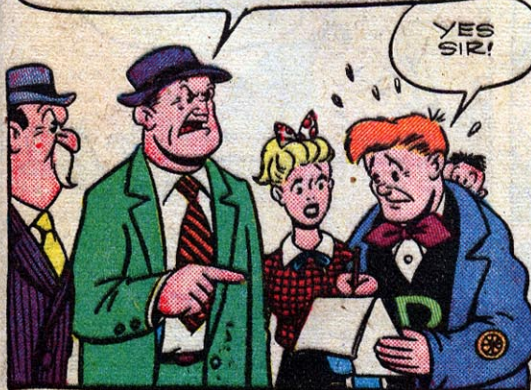
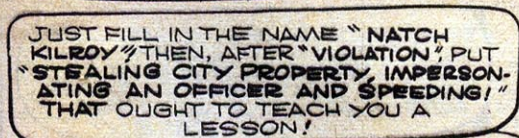
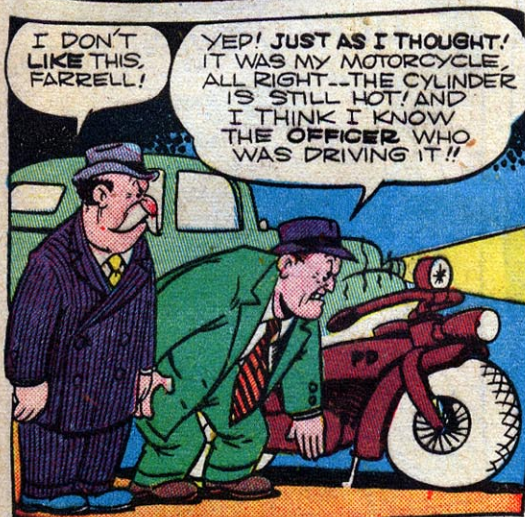
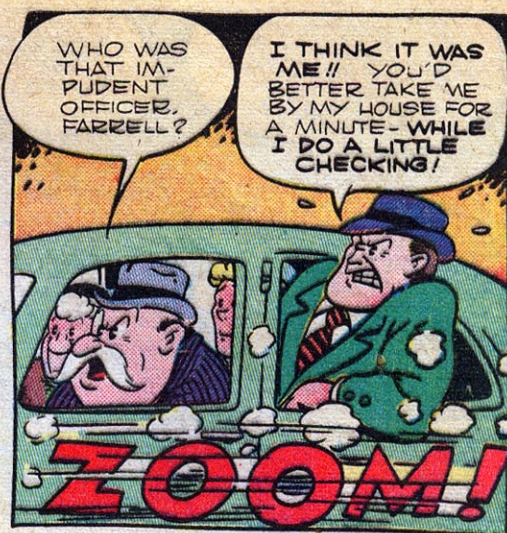
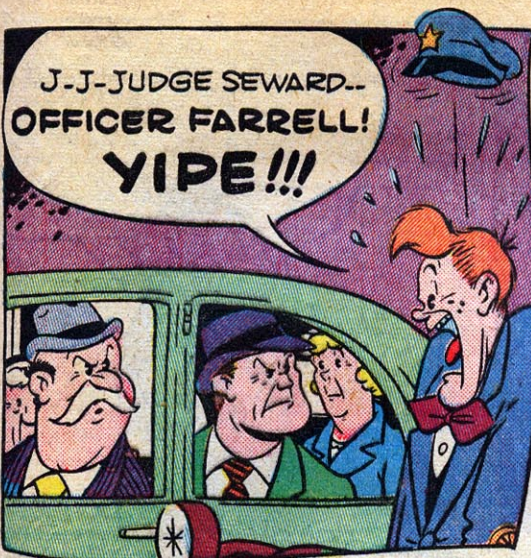




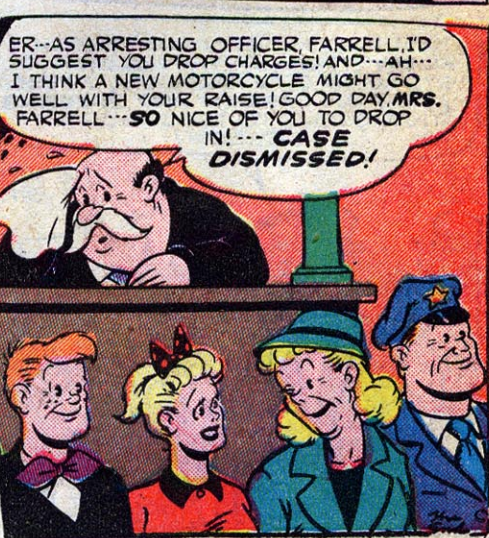
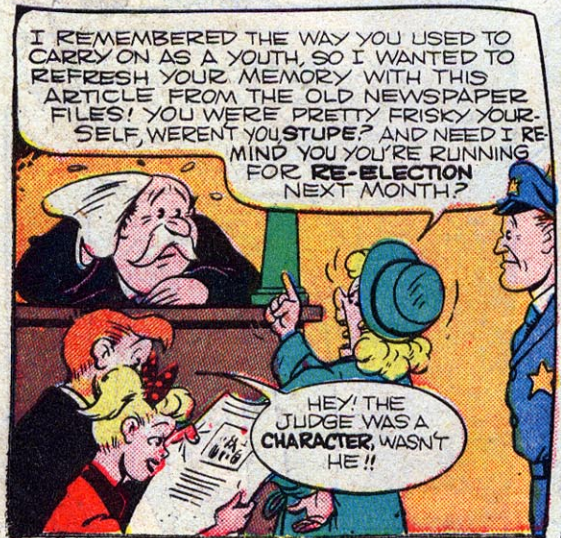
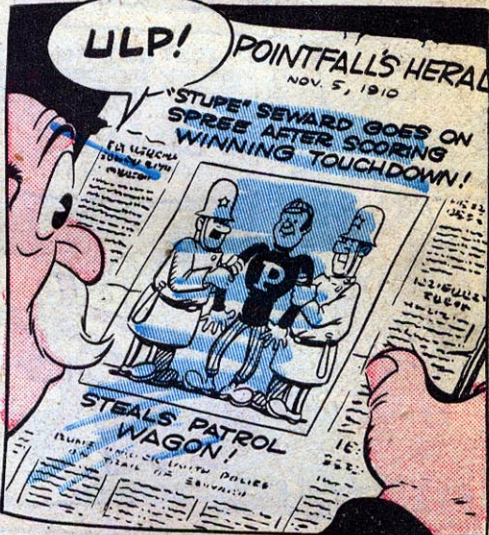
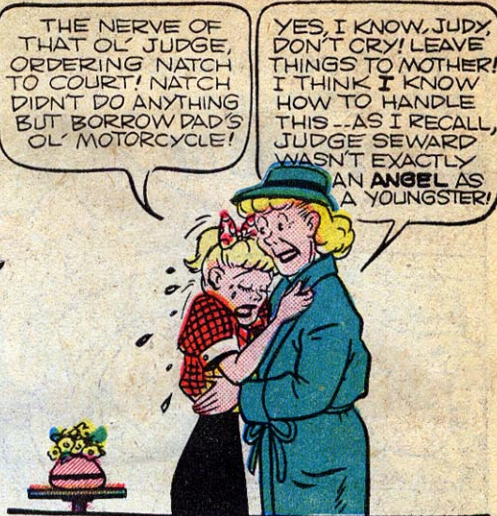
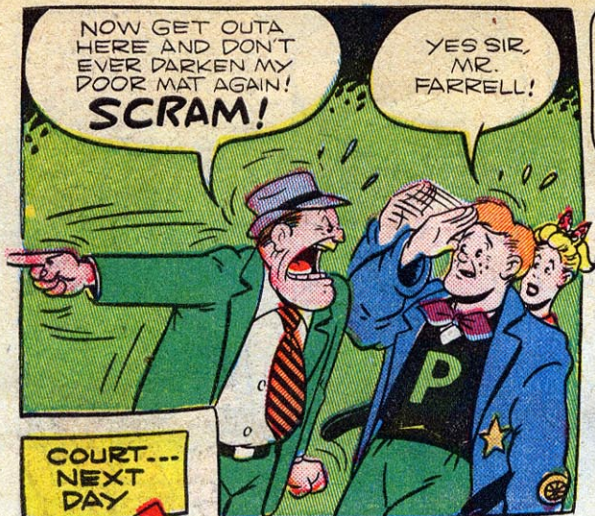














And to think they used to call me

# SKINNY!

**Give Me 15 Minutes A Day  
And I'll Give You A NEW BODY**

PEOPLE used to laugh at my skinny, 97 lb. body. I was so embarrassed at my weakling build that I was ashamed to strip for sports or for a swim. Girls snickered and made fun of me behind my back. THEN I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system — “*Dynamic Tension*.” And it turned me into such a *complete* specimen of MANHOOD that today I hold the title “THE WORLD’S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN.”

That’s how I traded in my “bag of bones” for a barrel of muscle! And I felt so much better, so much on *top of the world* in my big new, husky body, that I decided to devote my whole life to helping other fellows change themselves into “perfectly developed men.”

## WHAT’S MY SECRET?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you—then you’ll be astonished at how *short* a time it takes “*Dynamic Tension*” to GET RESULTS!

“*Dynamic Tension*” is the easy, NATURAL method that you can practice in the privacy of your own room—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your scrawny shoulder muscles begin to swell... those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge... and your whole body starts to feel “alive,” full of zip and go!

No “ifs,” “ands,” or “maybes.” Just tell me *where* you want handsome, powerful muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky?

Are you short-winded, pepleps? Do you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, best jobs, etc.? Then write for my FREE Book about “*Dynamic Tension*” and learn how I can make you a healthy, confident, powerful HE-MAN.

Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. When you have learned to develop your strength through “*Dynamic Tension*,” you can laugh at artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the dormant muscle-power in your own body—watch it increase and multiply into real, solid LIVE MUSCLE.

**CHARLES  
ATLAS**

Holder of title.  
“The World’s Most  
Perfectly Developed  
Man.”

## FREE BOOK

Mail the coupon right now for full details and I’ll send you my illustrated book, “*Everlasting Health and Strength*.” Tells all about my “*Dynamic Tension*” method. Shows actual photos of men I’ve made into Atlas Champions. It’s a valuable book! And it’s FREE. Send for your copy today. Mail the coupon to me personally. CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 2K  
115 E. 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.



**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 2K**

**115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N.Y.**

I want the proof that your system of “*Dynamic Tension*” will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, “*Everlasting Health and Strength*.”

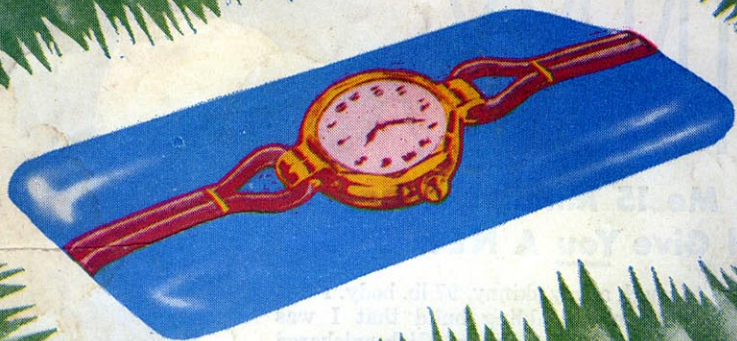
Name.....Age.....  
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City.....State.....



# Hand Out Only 20 Coupons FREE



**CHOICE OF LADY'S  
OR MAN'S WATCH**

## WRIST WATCH GIVEN

Just for helping us get acquainted with new customers and friends, we will send your choice of a smart, new, imported Swiss movement, Lady's Wrist Watch or dependable Man's Wrist Watch for handing out or mailing only 20 snapshots and photo Enlargement Coupons **FREE** to neighbors and relatives. There is **nothing for you to buy**. There is **nothing for you to sell and collect for**. Your exquisite Wrist Watch is sent in a special gift box when all of the coupons have come back to us with a snapshot for enlarging. You can even mail these Enlargement Coupons to friends and relatives in other towns if you wish. Everyone is happy to use the coupon because it gives them our new bargain offer of a beautiful 5x7 inch enlargement at only 19c. You will be charmed and thrilled with your beautiful Wrist Watch. Send today for your 20 get-acquainted Enlargement Coupons to hand out **FREE** and also get our **EXTRA GIFT** offer of a beautiful simulated Birthstone Ring correct for your month of birth, also given when half of the coupons are used. Be first to wear such a beautiful Wrist Watch and Birthstone Ring.

Sparkling Simulated  
Birthstone RING  
ALSO GIVEN

**DEAN  
STUDIOS**

Dept. X-94  
211 W. 7th Street  
DES MOINES, IOWA



Send This Coupon today to  
DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. X-94, 211 W. 7th St.  
Des Moines, Iowa

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

State..... Month of Birth.....

☐ Lady's Watch ☐ Man's Watch